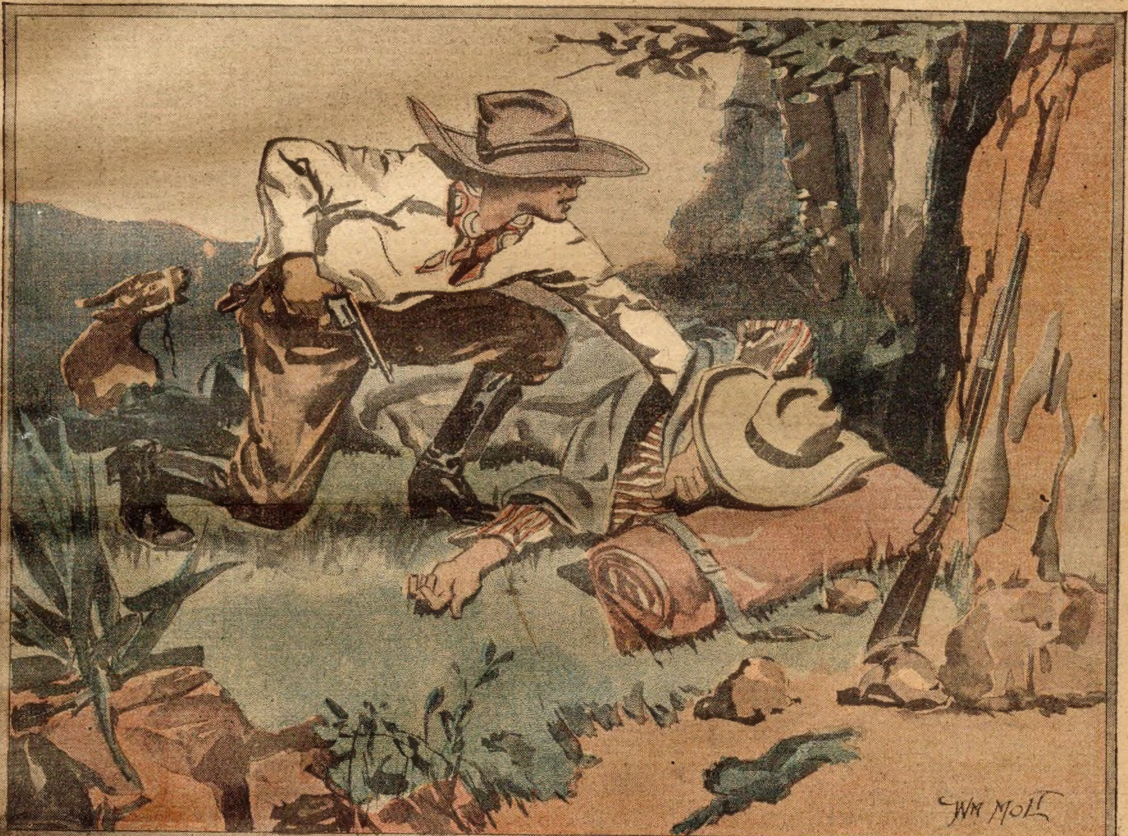
LOOK OUT FOR "THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE" IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER.
THE NEXT GREAT ROMANCE TO APPEAR WILL BE "A WOMAN SCORNED."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 23. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE [illegible]910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Wm J Remners
4720 Chester ave 6Jan12



Lords of the Ax;

Or, WHO WAS NAPOLEON KNIGHT?

By William H. Manning

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN WITH AMBITION.

THE clock in the guestroom of Fennell's Hotel struck midnight. Belden Knapp heard the sound in his chamber, and suddenly rising, took the hand-lamp and opened the nearest of the two doors of the room. The light shone into the adjoining chamber.

"Are you awake, Sherwood?" he asked softly.

There was no reply, and when he repeated the call without results he crossed the threshold. He saw a bed and a sleeper. Walking cautiously forward he let the light fall upon the second man and gazed long and critically; after which he returned to his own apartment, reclosed the door and fell to surveying himself in the glass.

"No real resemblance!" he muttered; "though the color of hair and eyes is the same, and complexion, shape of face, bodily build and weight about ditto. It might be a success, and yet——"

He shook his head and turned away, but he was entertaining an idea not readily dismissed, and he soon had another look at himself.

After this scrutiny he went to bed.

The two men were up at about the same time in the morning, and, with the connecting door open, they dressed and talked in high spirits.

"We ought to be out of this in an hour," remarked Knapp. "I'm glad to go, though it isn't so bad—I slept too soundly to dream, last night."

"Dream!" echoed Sherwood. "Why, man, I dreamed all night, and I suspect I am still at it. I can't rid myself of the impression that the whole thing is a dream. One day I am a herder, slaving at so much per—perhaps I had better say so little—and the next I get news that old Uncle Zeke is dead and I am his sole heir, which means that I am owner of Liberty Plantation, with its millions of feet of lumber on the stump. It's too much for a lay brother to realize. I must see the Liberty before I swallow the delicate morsel in full."

"You will feel wide awake when you get to felling trees and sliding them down the mountain."

"Well, Knapp, I think I shall like it. You and I have both seen something of the life, and we know how to use an ax, but our experience is a mole-hill to what is being done on Searlock Mountain. Ground tipped up edgeways and cumbered with miles of lumber, and science and muscle at their best—that's Liberty's plantation. Remote, practically beyond the reach of law, the place was Uncle Zeke's kingdom, he was a king, and under him was an army of axmen who were as rough as our ancestors of the cave-dwellers' days. That is what I gather from my latest information, and that's the inheritance I have come into."

"Lucky dog!" quoth Knapp.

"Am I? That remains to be seen. I take up a battle with nature and, incidentally, with man. Right next to the Liberty lies the Ben Nord claim, the property of Fergus MacBree, another lord of the ax, and I am told that ill will walks abroad. That means turbulent rivalry, and, probably, a feud. Rather a warm outlook!"

"Do you waver?"

"Not noticeably, my good man! Fate has lifted the stick for me; I am not aspiring to drop it. I hunger for Liberty claim, feud and all."

By this time the men had finished dressing, and they went down to breakfast, after which they returned to their rooms to pack for departure. Sherwood was impatient and Knapp absent-minded. When all was done he went to the glass and gazed at his reflected self.

Sherwood clapped his hands and laughed.

"Vanity, thy name is Knapp!" he exclaimed.

"No—Knapp is Napoleon come to life!"

"Meaning—what?"

"That Knapp is out to conquer a gener-

"Good! What's the lay-out, old fellow?"

Knapp shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows? Time is brooding the eggs—what shall the hatch be? I've got to look the field over."

"Luck to you, and if I can be of assistance, let me know."

"I may ask a lift of you—not financial, but—something else."

"Good, again! Don't forget it!"

"You bet I won't!"

"Well, we've refreshed ourselves, and what we want next is to see the stage draw up at the door."

"The last count I subscribe to, but as to being refreshed by that so-called breakfast—say, Sherwood, you and I can beat the cook of this feed-bag by a mile. By the way, it is odd that you and I got to be chummy because, when on that game-hunt in the southern range, we mutually developed a talent for cooking. And we did concoct dishes that would make an epicure pack fat on his ribs."

"Fact! We've got the knack, and if we ever get out of a job we will apply in Paris to show that people the real thing in kitchen-lore. But where is that confounded stage? Let's go down!"

They went, and accosted the landlord with the question foremost in their minds.

[illegible] a small break-down," he

explained, "but the driver says he will be ready in an hour."

Making a few remarks that they deemed appropriate to the occasion, the travelers went outside. Presently the landlord heard the sound of revolver-shots and, going to the window, watched for the next ten minutes, during which time the shots were often repeated.

"Firing at a mark!" he explained. "One of them is a dandy with a gun—can hit a bee a mile off, but t'other is no good."

Sherwood and Knapp were trying to kill time, and the device worked well for a few minutes, but the former finally waxed freshly impatient.

"Where's that stage?" he demanded.

Knapp shrugged his shoulders.

"Where is A. D., 1920?" he replied.

"Can't say, but—hello! here's Noah and his ark!" and he slapped his hands as the stage rolled into sight.

"Say, Sherwood, our mannerisms stick to us. When we were cooks for the bunch they called us 'Slap' and 'Shrug.' We are still at it. Mannerisms stick!"

"I'll drop that hand-clap when I get to the Liberty—it's nonsense."

"And I," added Knapp, "will drop that shrug when I blossom out as Napoleon—it's too foreign for the U. S. A."

"If we keep our word, 'Slap' and 'Shrug' will forever disappear."

They mounted to the stage and the vehicle rolled away. At four in the afternoon they reached Corway, the limit of their journey by wheel. Sherwood's next step was to get a horse to take him saddle-back over the Haroback trail, and he set about it. At this point Knapp, who had announced his intention of separating from his companion and going south, stated that he would continue as far as Harker's. This pleased Sherwood, and he repeated a former invitation for his comrade to keep on with him to Scarlock Mountain, but Knapp pleaded business and declined.

Horses proved to be scarce, and they were forced to fall back on mules as a means of conveyance. Equipped with two of these quadrupeds by right of purchase, they spent the night at Corway and, in the morning, jogged on with as much dignity as their equipment would permit. All day they rode, and still the trail stretched before them, necessitating a night in camp. As the sun dropped low they looked for a place to their liking.

Still hunting, Sherwood made some remark relative to Scarlock, and Knapp started a little as from deep meditation.

"I don't near my new possessions with the grandeur of an heir!" said the former, smiling.

"Never mind; the mule won't count. They will rush to take you to their arms," Knapp responded.

"Hardly that, even if I were content to join the bear family, for not a soul there knows me by sight—not even Nate Wolf, the foreman. As I've told you before, I appear to them as a total stranger."

"I remember that you said so. But if you are that, how will you prove your identity?"

"There will be no trouble. They are not burdened with red tape nor law, for the spot is so remote that these things have yet to come. As for proving my identity, I have the letter the Pentland lawyer sent me to announce my heirship to Uncle Zeke"—he touched his breast—"as well as various papers and memoranda as to my acreage, flocks, herds and so on. These will convince Nate Wolf, I reckon; and when I get time to run down to Pentland to see the lawyer, why, I can give Uncle Zeke's early history like a book."

"I think you said you had not seen him lately?"

"Not in twenty years, which means that I don't remember how he looked. I was a small chap when he visited us. But I know his history. Why not? He was my mother's only brother."

"A rough and ready man, I believe you said."

"I'll tell you a few more yarns about him," and with this Sherwood fell to story-telling about Uncle Zeke, and only ceased when they reached what they regarded as a desirable camping-place.

It was a grove of oaks near a brook, and they took possession at once. Their mules were side-lined and turned loose, and the abundance of tender grass was satisfactory proof that they would not stray widely. The men soon had a fire under way and, presently, were making the most of the food they had brought along, but, in the lack of dishes, the repast partook of the aboriginal fashion and called forth a laughing comment from Sherwood.

"I suppose you will afford the luxury of a knife and fork when you get to be Napoleon, the second," he added.

"Yes, and all other pompous things I can run down," Knapp replied, looking contemptuously at his plain gray suit.

"Likewise, you will disdain to remember tonight, and the equally humble days when we were 'Slap' and 'Shrug.' It's the way of the newly-rich. But excuse me, old man; such talk is not the proper thing when your castles are in air and I'm going to my sure inheritance. I meant no harm——"

"Being Napoleon," interrupted Knapp, very deliberately, "there is no knowing when the knives and forks will come my way. Why, I may be rolling in wealth before you are!"

Sherwood answered suitably, and with characteristic hearty good will. As soon as luck came his way he had made certain business offers to Knapp that would take the latter out of poverty without irritation to his pride, but he had asked for time to consider.

"If you fail to accept," Sherwood had added, "I shall be disappointed. I want you to share my good fortune, for I've not forgotten that you saved me from the knife of the Mexican herder."

"Wait!" was Knapp's ultimatum. "I may take that business chance from you, but, first, let me try my hand as Napoleon!"

This night, the food being dispatched, they fell to smoking, and Sherwood puffed with plain relish, but Knapp, contrary to his usual custom, allowed his light to go out twice with the first pipeful. When through he moved about camp, giving attention to inconsequential matters.

"Never knew him to be nervous before!" thought Sherwood, but he refrained from putting the idea into words.

Later, the animals were brought in and picketed, and the men sought their blankets. Sherwood quickly fell asleep, but something had propped his companion's eyes wide open. Knapp lay and looked at sky and trees, varying this by stealing secret glances at Sherwood. Lying down had not banished his nervousness; he was even more ill at ease, and, though the night was not uncomfortably warm, he twice made a motion as if wiping perspiration from his forehead.

Midnight found him in the same position and the same frame of mind, but, later, there was a change. Some days before he had planned to do a certain thing. This night, with the time for action come, he found his courage flagging. He wavered, tried to summon resolution, weakened, and then, comforted by his latest decision, fell asleep.

When he awoke the first gray of dawn was visible. He came back to conscious life with the old pain in his mind, and it had vitality and was pressing. Remembering that, before, he had weakened when he meditated, he determined to avoid long thinking this time. Plainly, the way to do a disagreeable thing was to do it at once.

Flinging aside his blanket he rose. Revolver in hand he approached his sleeping companion. Now his heart began to thump loudly and his nerves trembled, but he did not turn back. Bending over Sherwood he slowly and cautiously slipped a hand into his breast-pocket, and brought it out with the fingers closed on a package of papers.

Rising, he cocked his revolver. Just then one of the mules brayed. Knapp, startled, took a half-step and stumbled over Sherwood, falling wholly. The sleeper had been aroused by the bray, and the sharp touch of the other man's boot brought him wide-awake. He sat up.

"What is it?" he cried.

Knapp was on his feet, shaking and confused, but stubborn of purpose. Without knowing why he did it, he crashed in the bushes.

"Indians!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" demanded Sherwood, puzzled.

"There—here!"

A revolver shot sounded—then the mule again brayed loudly. Two revolver shots came in quick succession; there was more crashing in the bushes, a heavy fall the crackling of dead twigs under moving feet, a cry, and another fall. Then the only audible sound was the stamping of the quadrupeds. As far as the men were concerned, silence had full possession of the grove.

CHAPTER II.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

An hour later a canvas-covered wagon came along the prairie, nearing the grove. Two men were on the seat. Theirs was not an early start, for the animals showed signs of prolonged travel, but the business of the men was one best conducted in the dark. They scanned the grove.

"Just the place to breakfast in, Lute!" said one.

"Right you are, Sam, and my stomach knows it. Here we go!"

He pulled on the off rein and drove in among the trees. Before any word looking to a halt had been sounded to the horses they began tossing their heads nervously, and then halted and backed, plainly frightened.

"Whoa!" cried Lute. "What the deuce——"

He stopped as the still-restive horses cramped the wagon and gave them view beyond. They looked hard.

"A man!" muttered Sam, "and shot to death!"

"Another just beyond! He's gone up, too!"

"He don't look—wait! I'll investigate!"

Sam leaped to the ground and, while his associate controlled their horses, made search beyond. When he came back he looked perplexed.

"Here's a pretty state o' affairs! Two men, dead, one by revolver shot an' the other by the kick of a mule. Then there are two mules picketed just beyond. A camp, but a sorry outfit, just now."

"Wide-spread calamity!" quoth Lute indifferently. "If this is thus somebody should profit by it, and we are the only ones to run for that office. We will take their money, revolvers, mules and——"

"Not any!" exclaimed Sam. "The money an' revolvers we will absorb, plenty much, but the mules—oh! not much! We run danger enough without tryin' to pick up more trouble on our heels. Judge Lynch minght send us his card. I'll see about money!"

He went, and searched all pockets, returning with a fistful of banknotes and coins.

they are. Never mind; they won't need cash nor references. Now for the mules. Watch them go!"

He led the quadrupeds to the extremity of the grove, and then gave a sharp blow to each that sent them scurrying away at full speed. He was retracing his steps when, passing the man who had been shot, he noticed unexpected signs. He bent over him, felt his heart and pulse, and then went to Lute.

"Say, that shot man is alive! He's unconscious, but liable to pull through ef he gets a chance."

"Don't give him a chance! Take your gun and——"

"No, sir! I'm no murderer. More than that, I ain't disposed to leave him here to suffer. We can take him along in the wagon to some place where he can be cared for, and that's what I will do."

"Have your own way, Sam. You are boss here."

Sam had started off when his comrade suddenly added:

"Say, this money! If we save the man, what becomes of the money?"

The more humane traveler meditated and announced his decision explosively, as if afraid the strength of his resolution would dissipate.

"Luther, I ain't no thief, and we'll tuck the survivor's part into his pocket. Of course he has no right to what the other man had, so we will keep that. He can't use it, now he's dead, and it would be dishonest for the live man to have what is not his. We will accept it as pay for our trouble here. Honesty deserves some reward!"

They bound up the wound of the unconscious man, after which they tossed him into the body of the wagon as if he had been so much merchandise. Then they jogged on, chatting lightly of other matters. A mile beyond they rested their horses in a similar grove, and then resumed their journey. At that time the wounded man was still senseless, and they did not afterward worry themselves to see how he fared.

Before they had gone another two miles, however, his eyes opened. Sight was his, and sensations of certain kinds, but no wish to be active. He lay flat on his back, hemmed in by sundry piles of stuff belonging to the night-owls, and gazed up dully. He saw dirty-white canvas, and on it a red smear where somebody had spilled paint. It was the smallest triviality of his lesser surroundings, yet it took hold of him powerfully. Not realizing that it was paint, he wondered what it was, how it came there, and who had put it there. Chance had made it a trifle like a crescent in shape—he wondered, stupidly, why it was that shape.

Feeling very little pain, he studied on this nothingness for a long time, but finally gave his attention to other things and other problems. He had slowly arrived at the knowledge that he was in a wagon, with two men in front of him, and that weakness was in his body and pain in his head. This surprised him in a moderate degree, and he grew moderately interested to get particulars of the situation.

He asked a question.

"Say, where am I?"

Sam heard the voice, looked back, grinned and briefly replied:

"Here!"

"But where?" inquired the wounded man.

"On the Haroback trail."

"Where the deuce is that?"

"Near enough to touch!"

"Well"—still dully—"maybe I am slow, but I'm blessed if I remember the Haroback trail—or you—or anything else!"

"Don't let that grieve you. Many a man would give all his outstandin' debts to forget things!"

"Yes, but he wouldn't want to forget—too much—everything! See here, man, who—who am I?"

"That's your conundrum; answer it yourself; I can't."

The wounded man's last words had brought loud, coarse laughter from his companions, who found the case very amusing, but it was not that sort to him. Too badly injured to feel acute emotion of any sort, he was yet troubled, in a dull fashion, to find that he could not recall the things he felt he ought to know best.

There was further silence and more study, and then something crept slowly, painfully out of the clouded past. Being out, it was hailed as a great discovery by the wounded man. He showed a sudden flash of animation, and his voice had more strength as he suddenly asked:

"Say, am I 'Slap' or 'Shrug?' "

"Are you—which?"

"Am I 'Slap' or 'Shrug?' "

"Well," returned Sam, growing profoundly humorous, "I should say you was brother to Del Trem! Know him? He's champion wrestler of more countries than Napoleon ever conquered."

"Napoleon? Ha! I remember him!" said the injured man, a trifle less dully.

"Do you? Well, stranger, you've got a right pert memory."

"Yes, I remember him, but dimly, dimly. Perhaps it was long ago. He wanted to—do something; I don't remember what. We knew him—the other man and I. The other man? What about him? I can't place him—nor myself! Am I 'Slap' or 'Shrug?' "

The wagon jolted on. Chains rattled, swing-bars creaked, moving horses thumped the ground, the men on the seat smoked and talked lightly, but the wounded man was now still.

Of the campers of the previous night the man who had been kicked by the mule lay in the grove forgotten. In the wagon his sometime companion lay equally silent, trying to think. The grove had the peace of the still brain, but the wagon carried the problem of the survivor. Until he sank into troubled sleep he wrestled with the question—"Who am I?"

CHAPTER III.

NAPOLEON.

A big man came through a stretch of trees in a way in harmony with his size. He planted his feet heavily, he brushed the underbrush aside violently, he gave his voice freedom ponderously. He was followed by three men and a dozen dogs, and he had attention to give to all. He talked cheerily with the one, and whistled and shouted to the others. Great good humor

Presently he emerged from the timber and something like a village was before him. In all there were some twenty dwelling-houses, chiefly of logs, and numerous structures that were stables, storage-places and the like. Apart from all others was a building, constructed in wings, that was of boards and was surprisingly large. As he neared this particular building his two-footed companions fell away and went toward the log-houses, and he had no company but the dogs as he finished his return.

As soon as he came into open land he had seen five men who were apparently waiting for him. Business and he were constant companions and he saw nothing unusual in this, but he gave prompt attention. It mattered little whether they were worth millions or only one dollar; if they wished to see him, that was enough.

He walked to them with his mighty step.

"I'm Fergus MacBree!" he announced. "Want anything?"

"We're the mulewhackers," replied one of the strangers.

"The—what?"

"From below, sir. You bought five of Spence & Kalet's outfits, you know. That threw us out of work with them; and we were told that you would give us something to do."

"Why, man, of course I will!" returned Bae MacBree, his tone very matter-of-fact. "Nothing else to be done, with you through with Spence & Kalet. What's your name?"

"Napoleon Knight, sir."

"How long you been a mulewhacker?"

"Well, this stretch, only three weeks, sir."

"Ever do anything else?"

"I am a cook by trade."

"Good! Matters are not especially lively in teaming, just now. If you feel like it, go ahead as a cook. If they say there is nothing for you to do, eat what others cook. Now, the rest of you—all old mulewhackers?"

"Monsieur, I am a lumberman!" announced one of Knight's companions. "My name is Henri Vascour."

The other three men explained who and what they were, and then Napoleon Knight added:

"I would say, Mr. MacBree, that I, too, am a lumberman. I have wielded the ax more days than one."

"Are you an expert?" asked Fergus.

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders.

"I hardly dare say that, yet I am not so poor at it."

"We will enter all of you on the books as choppers, and so forth, but you can cook or do other things when you are told. Don't forget to drop around at pay-day! See that red shanty over there? Pete Rayner, my foreman, is there. Go, and he will enter your names. That's all!" and MacBree resumed his way.

Napoleon Knight clapped his hands lightly.

"Partners," he remarked, "it looks to me as if we have fallen into luck. Ever hear an employer speak fairer than that before?"

"Bagosh!" cried Henri Vascour, "I shall work my fingers to the bone, as you say—yes, very good—for such a man. Voila—I am already a strong partisan of this outfit, and if there is war with that other gang over on Liberty plantation, with their new master we hear about—what's his name—Asa Sherwood, yes—I shall be ready to fight at the drop of the hat!"

"I understand that Sherwood has not yet come to this section," said another mulewhacker.

"What does it matter?" asked Henri. "Old Zeke What's-his-name was owner there until he died, and now it's young Sherwood. If he has not come he will. Does any man have a great fortune descend to him and not come to claim it—hein?"

"You fellows seem to have got all the local news, while I haven't," observed Napoleon Knight, smiling. "Still, I did hear that there was great rivalry between the two lumber-outfits. Having joined MacBree, of course we shall work our best for him, and if it comes to the need, we must fight against the other man—Sherwood, if that's his name."

Before more could be said the violent pounding of shod feet attracted their attention and, looking around, they saw a handsome gray speeding toward them with a young woman on his back. There was scant time to survey either, though they were clearly conscious of a fine figure and an agreeable combination of bright colors, and, also, of a certain general appearance that told of social rank above the mountain average.

Four of the mulewhackers stared hard at the girl, but Napoleon Knight, taking off his hat, looked only at the flying feet of the horse. He received an attentive survey in return. The rider was used to many kinds of conduct, but this was a kind new to her.

"He has enough of good breeding to raise his hat," she thought, "but, being a stranger, not enough boldness to stare. I wonder who he is?"

"Pretty as twin peaches, bagosh!" muttered Henri Vascour.

Napoleon, wholly unmoved by beauty, walked on toward the foreman's office, and his comrades fell in behind him. Ten minutes with Rayner sufficed to put them formally on Fergus MacBree's pay-roll, after which they retraced their steps to the foot of the mountain to pack up their few belongings, sever their connection with Spence & Kalet, and then return to their new service.

Waiting there, Napoleon Knight grew more curious and took to surveying the prospect.

The mountain was known as Scarlock. It was a long ridge; so long that its respective ends seemed to fade into sky from where he stood. Seen from that point, too, the acclivity from base to summit appeared unusually even. Rocks were there in many places, and cliffs and precipices, but it was mainly clear of such obstructions. And where there were no rocks of dominating magnitude, trees held sway. It was a vast, dense, far-reaching army of pine, fir, cedar and spruce trees, majestic in their size and perpetual green. The lower slopes, partly always open and partly long since cut over, showed fields, cultivated or pastured, and cattle and sheep grazed here and there.

Henri Vascour, brisk and talkative, came to Napoleon's side.

"Ah! mon enfant, you look at the Scar-

Particular People

Find positive pleasure in

Post Toasties

—a crisp, appetizing, dainty food for breakfast, lunch or supper. Always ready to serve right from the package with cream or milk and always enjoyed.

"The Memory Lingers."

Pkgs. 10c. and 15c.
Sold by Grocers.

POSTUM CEREAL CO

well to know the place where one sleeps—hein? See—this is the spot where we work from today! Mark you, Napoleon, that line that runs straight up the great hill—you know him!"

"A fence!" returned Knight indifferently.

"No!" exclaimed Henri. "No! Not a fence, but the fence! The fence—understand? 'Tis the boundary line between the great holdings of Fergus MacBree and Asa Sherwood. They own the mountain between them, and the fence divides the two. Understand, comrade?"

"Plain enough!" said Napoleon, still indifferent.

"Is that all? Parbleu! no—'tis but a beginning. Long time the rival outfits have cut timber on Scarlock, and—yes, and broken heads, for there is no love betwixt them. Once the war was between Old Zeke What's-his-name and Fergus MacBree, but old Zeke died, and Asa Sherwood heired his lands and forests—Vraiment! 'tis a great inheritance! I am not sure that Sherwood is yet come to rule his own, but he will. It matters not to us; we serve MacBree, and the rivalry will be always alive, and we fight the same whether Sherwood be come or not. Ah! it is good!"

Henri snapped his fingers and beamed with happiness. He liked life, excitement, fighting, and he thought he would get his fill at Scarlock.

"Considering how short a time we have been here, you are very well informed," replied Napoleon, laughing. "Why, Henri, my lad, you absorb gossip as a sponge takes water!"

"Ah! the gossip—I care not for it; but when I hire out—my first thought is, will there be chance for war? I find him the chance here. Good! I always love this mountain!"

Napoleon heard, but he was not deeply impressed. In a way his companion had explained his sentiments correctly, for Henri loved excitement and was not averse to encounters with fist, revolver or knife, but Henri was far from being quarrelsome and unprincipled. The sun shone in his quarter oftener than clouds lowered.

Now, he went to speak with a driver, and Napoleon, standing alone, saw the trainmaster approach with a tall, flaxen-haired man who was leading a roan horse. They talked, first as to certain things the teamster had brought, and then on other subjects. Anon, the trainmaster said:

"By the way, Wolfe, has young Asa Sherwood come yet?"

"Have you seen him?" was the reply, with manifest evasion.

"Can't say; I don't know the man. I've heard he should have been here long ago. Most men, having such a tremendous fortune as the Liberty claim left to them, would hustle to step into dead men's shoes."

"Natural."

"Yes, but I can't hear that Sherwood has come. Has he?"

Wolfe threw a leg over the roan and mounted. Then he looked down at the teamster.

"We will show you, one of these days!" he replied briskly.

He rode away, and the other man turned back none the wiser. Wolfe passed Napoleon, giving him a sharp glance, went a few rods, wheeled and came back. Again he gazed critically.

"Are you," he inquired, "one of the men MacBree has just hired?"

"Yes," responded Napoleon quietly.

"Well, I am Nate Wolfe, foreman of the rival plantation—the Sherwood concern, you know. We can make room for a few likely men. Will you jump old MacBree and come with us? There's money in it. What do you say?"

CHAPTER IV.

A MAN WITH IDEAS.

Napoleon Knight looked at his companion steadily. He had heard a business proposition, and he gave it due attention, but his decision was soon made.

"An offer like that isn't to be turned down lightly," he replied, "but you see I have hired out to Fergus MacBree."

"Done any work yet?" asked Wolfe.

"No."

"Then he owes you nothing, and you can jump their outfit without loss. Come over on the Liberty and you shall get good wages——"

"But," persisted Napoleon, "I've hired out to MacBree."

"And I will give you more pay."

"Good wages," answered Napoleon, "are never to be despised, but I don't believe in breaking a promise. Thank you, stranger, but I've hired out to MacBree, and I'll stick!"

"All right; have your own way!"

Wolfe spoke curtly, and with a curious mixture of annoyance and indifference. He had said his last word, so he pulled his horse around and went galloping north. Knight watched him briefly, but was aroused by a light laugh behind him. He turned and saw a young fellow who was still wrestling with mirth.

"So you wouldn't go with Nate Wolfe?" he asked.

"Couldn't!" responded Napoleon. "I've hired out already."

"Do you like MacBree's better than Wolfe's?"

"I don't know, for I have seen the Liberty only at a distance. That counts for nothing, just now. Something else does; when I make a contract, I keep it."

"Give me your hand!"

Knight hesitated for a second. The other individual was a boy in years, and commendation from him did not allure, but the hand was given.

"You see," added the youth, "Fergus MacBree likes a man of his word, and—well, I'm MacBree's son. I'm Sandy!"

Napoleon Knight stood five-feet-ten, but young Sandy loomed above him like an incarnated statue of heroic size. Sandy, aged eighteen, was mighty of stature, weight, bone, muscle and limb, but his broad face had a smoothness and chubbiness that a girl might have envied. Boy and man contended in Sandy's physical being for mastery, and he was an agreeable compound of the two. He could laugh the laugh of the boy while he exerted the strength of the man. Yet, on the whole, he counted for far more than the average boy.

The new employe read the acumen of a good judge of human nature.

"Glad to know you!" he replied straightforwardly.

[illegible] asked, looking at Knight enquiringly.

"As soon as my partners are ready."

"We've got a fair bunch of land there," and Sandy ran his gaze up the mountain. "Thousands of acres. Miles of stretch. Various lines of business. Father Fergus likes to call himself a lumber-boss, but that is only a part. Look at the horses, cattle and sheep—acres of them, you see. Look at the fields of grain near the base, and corn farther up. Then we have got a small mining industry. We combine all these lines. Why not? We've got the land, and it's got to pay!"

"Takes a good many men," Napoleon observed.

"Hundreds of them now, but, man, wait until the logging season is on and the lumber-jacks that are now away spending their money in Portland, 'Frisco and other places get back for the busy season. Then, this is a army and a battlefield. Plenty of work now, though, and Father Fergus is always busy. See the Liberty over north? That's the rival concern."

"How warm is the rivalry?"

"Mostly at the boiling point. Old Zeke Dalton was a fighter, and so is father. Set-tos are common, though we are all civil, at times. That Liberty concern is a big plant—just about like ours. Old Zeke and father were like two barons of feudal days. Land, man—why, look at the buildings on our claim, or on old Zeke's. Two regular villages, private though they are; and no public villages near. We are a world by ourselves. Do you know, no man is sure whether Scarlock lies in California or Oregon!"

"But the logs are here, all the same."

"Fact! Logs and men. Yes, all but—say, the new heir of the Liberty—old Zeke is dead, you know—the new heir hasn't shown up, though long over-due."

"Young Dalton?"

"No, his name is Sherwood—son of old Zeke's sister. Well, that Sherwood has inherited all of Liberty, and he doesn't come to claim his own!"

"Not a very active heir."

"I asked Nate Wolfe, the other day, if he didn't think Sherwood had fallen sick, but he laughs at the idea. Still, Nate is worried over the situation and I know it. There is a note of unrest at the Liberty claim!"

"Why not make it greater?"

Sandy had told his story in a happy-go-lucky way. There was no element of boastfulness in his words or manner; he simply gave the news in a modest, light-hearted fashion. Napoleon Knight, however, took it all very seriously and seemed far more interested than MacBree's son. Now, the older man shot out his question bullet-like, and his keen eyes swept the face of Scarlock with intent analysis.

"Make it greater?" repeated Sandy, not understanding.

"There's a mighty lot of logs up there!" responded Knight, pointing. "If one man had them he would run kings and such like a warm race. Now, there are two lords of the ax. Why not make it one, and only one?"

"It isn't likely Sherwood would sell."

"You say there is rivalry?"

"Yes. Rivalry on the mountain, and afterwards."

"Are your people on speaking terms with the Liberty fellows?"

"Why, sure! We talk pleasantly enough, at times, but when we are not fighting we always watch to see that the other fellows don't try tricks."

"Try them yourselves!" curtly advised the new employe. "Vast as this plant is, one man could swing it alone. Why not smash the Liberty claim?"

"Well, I'll be shot!" quoth Sandy.

He looked hard at his companion. Knight had a pleasant face, but it was also a resolute face, and now, his jaws set, he was eyeing the mountain in a way that staggered the boy. Fergus MacBree had for years been in sharp rivalry with the Liberty's owner, and the acute brains of the interested parties had engineered various devices on and off the mountain, but this man—this new employe——

"Say, just what do you mean?" asked Sandy abruptly.

"If I owned Ben Nord," explained Knight steadily, "I would first offer to buy out this new heir—this Sherwood, if that's his name—and then, if he refused, I would drive him out of business!"

"But my father would not listen to dishonesty or meanness——"

"And very properly! Crooked work is like eating decayed meat. But there are ways—and if I had my hand on the plow I would smash that rival claim!" and Knight clapped his hands smartly together.

"Say!" cried Sandy, "you are a Napoleon!"

Knight's gaze came down from the mountain and rested on MacBree's son. The keenness went out of his face and he surveyed Sandy questioningly, almost weakly, and almost pitiably.

"What do you know about him?" he asked.

"About Napoleon? Why, he was that French General that swept the whole world as if with a broom!"

"Yes," agreed Knight, his face falling. "Yes—the first Napoleon!"

At this moment Henri Vascour and the other ex-employes of Spence & Kalet arrived, having finished all business, and the entire party started up the mountain with Sandy at the head. Scarlock was a democracy, and MacBree's son talked freely.

"Father's family is small," he explained. "Besides him and myself there are only two of us, my sisters Sibyl and Janie. You won't find them much alike. Sibyl is a good one; she can ride a horse with our best men, shoot, run foot-races, jump—yes, and she has the logging business down fine. Janie is a book-girl, and—well, she is all right, but she's got a bit of a temper. But she means well."

"Possibly I saw Sibyl when I was with your father. Does she ride a gray horse?"

"Yes."

"I saw her pass."

"Was she alone?"

"Yes."

"Good! Fact is, we have a guest—a man whose acquaintance she made when she and Janie were at school in Portland. He has come here now because—well, he's here! Carlos Blakell is his name. A blue-blood, and all that—is noted in his own section for polo-playing, riding to hounds, fancy shooting and so on. But I don't like him, and he

for me to say; I leave them to manage their own affairs."

All the way up the mountain Sandy talked light-heartedly. Once at the collection of buildings the new employes were shown to their quarters in a log-house, where they were to live together for the time. When they had eaten and settled down it looked as if no more was in hand for the day, but presently Fergus MacBree came to Knight.

"So Nate Wolfe tried to hire you away from me?" he said, smiling.

"Yes," replied Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders.

"He's at his old tricks. Neither of us needs more help now, but he would hire you to spite me, just so he could crow over me. Man body, you gave him a stout dab in the stomach whin you said to temptation, Satan get ahint me! I'd muckle liked to see him whin you said him nay!"

Fergus chuckled and shook, evidently taking great pleasure in Nate Wolfe's discomfiture, small as the matter was. Anon, he suddenly grew more serious.

"Sandy has been telling me you spoke aboot getting the better of the Liberty men, and hurting their business?"

"Yes."

"Nae doot you have an idea, and I would talk with ye. Come to the office."

They went, and were together for over an hour. MacBree, big and alert as he was, had an element of caution in his make-up that predisposed him to pass nothing by in business affairs. If the humblest of his followers had a plan and wished to explain it, the lord of the ax was ready to listen. If the plan proved worthless it could be dropped easily, while, if it had even the germ of value, it might be turned to account. Sandy had told a glowing, boyish story of the newcomer with an ambition to annihilate the Liberty claim, and MacBree wanted to hear all about it.

After the interview he saw his son again.

"I'm glad," he said, "that I hired Knight. He has brains, and he is filled up with ambition. Maybe we will give the Liberty a hard hit, by and by. Knight's theories are vague, so far, for he don't know the mountain, but he knows the lumber business from head to foot, and he's a daring schemer. He's honest, too—at least, he says so, though I will admit that both he and I did advance some projects that were a bit—aweel," added Fergus, dropping into dialect, as he occasionally did, "ye canna hold your ain in business if ye go aboot planning to help your rival. Naebody would do it for you. I believe in doing right, but if ye keep Auld Nick out of your house, what's the harm if he sits on the doorstep?"

MacBree was silent for some time after this. The coming of Napoleon Knight bade fair to make matters unpleasant for Liberty claim.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It is full of startling developments and will grow better with each chapter. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscriptions, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Unmixing the Babies.

Magistrate Hughes, who is known far and wide for his wit and good, sound judgment in disposing of cases that come before him daily, was sitting in his office at 546 Tasker street a few days ago when a young man rushed in. He was excited and out of breath and was without a hat.

"Judge," he ejaculated, "I am in a peck of trouble, and I want you to help me out of it if you can."

"Well, let's hear what it is," replied the magistrate. Said the troublous one:

"Living in my house with my wife and me is my brother and his wife. We both have babies and they look so much alike that I'm afraid we have them mixed.

"I think my brother has mine and we have his. Each baby has black hair and blue eyes and one tooth. They are dressed alike, too."

"Are you sure they are twisted?" asked the magistrate.

"Am I sure of it? Why, I am positive," was the quick reply.

"Well, then," suggested the genial judge, "if that is the case, why not go home and exchange them."

"That's just what I'll do," said the anxious father, and he hastily departed. Everything must be lovely now, for the young man has not been seen since by Mr. Hughes.

Concerning Sleep.

The condition in which we pass at least one-third of our lives is certainly one of the highest importance, and interest, and it is, even with our present knowledge, not devoid of a certain amount of mystery. We know that in sleep the amount of blood circulating in the brain is considerably diminished, and it is, undoubtedly, the time when the waste of the nervous system is repaired, and a store of vital force laid up for the labors of the ensuing day.

The profound influence which the state of slumber has upon the human system is evident to any one who has ever passed one or more nights without the presence of "tired nature's sweet restorer;" and the feeling of strength, vigor, and well-being with which one awakens after a period of sound, dreamless sleep shows that the restorative influence extends to every part of the body.

The need of sleep is an imperative one, and in many cases, is almost irrestible. Instances are on record of soldiers sleeping on horseback, or even in the midst of a battle, and many a sentry has been sentenced to death for sleeping at his post who was in no way to blame for his neglect of duty, but was simply overcome by a demand of nature which he was unable to resist, even at the peril of his life. Similar instances are known of locomotive engineers and steamboat pilots sleeping when on duty, with the knowledge that the lives of many others, as well as their own, depended upon their wakefulness.

The proper amount of sleep required by any one is an individual peculiarity, and no general rule can be given. The new-born infant sleeps nearly all the time, but the periods of wakefulness soon grow longer, through childhood and youth, until the full-grown adult devotes a minimum of time to the recuperation of his bodily energies, while in old age the need of more time for sleep is again felt. The feelings are the best guide in this respect, and if one awakes completely refreshed after six hours of slumber, that amount is doubtless sufficient for his bodily needs, while another person may require nine or ten hours of each day to restore the balance of vital profit and loss. Nothing, however, can be worse than to regularly deprive one's self of needed sleep, in order to have more time for work or pleasure. This is like expending one's capital instead of the interest, and although the final result may be postponed, it can only end in physiological bankruptcy.

Yakima Indian Reservation Opening

GET ready for the 1,200,000 acres that will be thrown open for settlement by Uncle Sam. This great fertile, fortune-producing tract of land is situated in the very center of that wonder of wonderful valleys—The Great Yakima.

ADJOINING the finest and best of fruit and agricultural lands in all of the great and wonderful State of Washington. Land that is now producing annually from $300 to $500 and in many instances even more—per every acre under scientific cultivation, and worth as high as $3000 per acre. Making fortunes and comfortable, even luxurious homes, for those who are fortunate enough to own even small tracts of this almost miraculous land.

UNCLE SAM is going to throw open to the citizens of the United States this vast area of 1,200,000 acres of the Great Yakima Indian Reservation. It is to be expected that hundreds of loyal citizens anxious to enjoy real prosperity will rush forward to this drawing of government lands.

EVERY citizen is entitled to a chance to draw; it is advisable that those desiring to know more about the conditions surrounding this great Reservation, that make it valuable beyond description, write to the Reservation Information Bureau at North Yakima for the preliminary booklet and relief or contour map, showing the lay of the land, rivers—Irrigating Canals, etc. A normal charge of 50c is made to keep mere curiosity seekers from sending for it. Enclose 50c Postal Order and address Reservation Information Bureau, 814 Postoffice Bldg., North Yakima, Washington.

Are you a citizen (male or female) of the United States? ....
Are you a Veteran of the Civil or Spanish-American War? ....
Are you a widow of a war veteran?
....
Name..
Street Address..............................
Town and State..............................
Mail to Reservation Inf. Bureau
814 Postoffice Bldg.

In the Comet's Track;

Or, Strange Adventures in Space

By Will Lisenbee

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 18, April 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COMBAT.

FOR a moment there was a profound silence in the great hall. The crowd stood as if spellbound, amazed, stupefied, while the electric globe, gleaming like a miniature sun, flooded the hall with its radiance.

Presently a voice rose out of the hushed crowd.

It swept over the heads of the people like the blast of a trumpet.

"Olyanda! Olyanda! long live Olyanda, the daughter of the king—the king of Ransodo forever!"

The cry ran from lip to lip; it swelled into a mighty wave that rolled like the rushing of mighty waters over the vast throng, echoing and re-echoing through the hall and great corridors.

As the mighty tumult swelled and rolled through the hall Sangmir, the rebel chief, sat like one turned to stone.

The flaming radiance of the great crystal globe fell on his pallid face, turning it to a ghastly gray and giving a refutation to all he had said.

Olyanda stood like a queen acknowledging the honor the people were lavishing upon her, the calm beauty of her face shining like a star.

The face of Sangmir grew hideous with chagrin and mortification. He rose with a savage growl and waved his hand for silence.

But the tumult only increased.

A hundred voices mocked him, and the cries for Olyanda were repeated in a mighty chorus.

And still he stood, the picture of impotent rage.

It was not till Olyanda lifted her voice and bade them listen to what the chief had to say that the tumult subsided.

"He would have denied me the right to speak," said Olyanda, "but let us be more generous. I ask that you listen to what he has to say."

Instantly a hush fell over the crowd.

The rebel chief's face still wore the look of rage and disappointment that had come over it when the applause had greeted Olyanda. It was a moment before he could find voice, and when he spoke his tones were hoarse with passion and resentment.

"You who have followed me," he began, you who have promised to stand by me against the mad king who has fooled you by his jugglery, have turned cowards and traitors at the word of a woman. You have forgotten all that I have done and all I would have done for you. I can see by your faces that it is useless to talk more. I see in your faces the look of the traitor and I defy you—I despise you, one and all! I have only one thing to say and then I am done. You have insulted me with your hisses and with your mouths. We shall see if there is one among you who dares meet me in combat. I challenge you one and all—to fight me, one at a time, till I have killed you all or have myself been killed. Who among you is not a coward? Let him come forward!"

He stood looking over the crowd defiantly, a look of scorn on his face.

There was a murmur through the crowd, and a score pushed forward, but at that moment Prince Kopa leaped upon the platform. He snatched a sword from one of the guards, turned for a moment to salute the amazed crowd, then with a calm and determined face, he confronted the rebel chief and signaled for him to get his sword.

For a moment there was silence in the room. The crowd was amazed, stupefied.

The words rang from lip to lip.

"It is the prisoner! He is going to fight Sangmir!"

"Yes," said Prince Kopa, speaking in the Ransodoan dialect, "I shall be the first to fall in defense of the king and his brave daughter, if it be that I shall fall."

For a little there was silence, and then a mighty tumult of applause swept over the hall.

Then as Sangmir drew his sword and stood before the prince, a hush fell over the crowd.

Olyanda stepped quickly to the prince's side. Her face was flooded with emotion. She laid a detaining hand on the arm of Prince Kopa.

"Let no blood be shed!" she pleaded in a quivering voice. "Why should a life be taken when such an act could accomplish no good?"

An angry roar came from the rebel chief.

"Let him defend himself or die!" he cried, advancing with drawn sword.

There was a flash of steel and the swords of the combatants came together, and Olyanda staggered back, a cry of horror coming from her lips.

The rebel chief was a skilled swordsman, but in his impotent rage he lost discretion, else the prince might have fared illy at his hands at the first clash of arms, for though the prince was no mean swordsman, he was not fully recovered from the shock of his fall on the stairs.

However, his strength returned under the stimulating influence of the combat, and being more than a match for his antagonist in point of quickness and activity, he pushed the fight with daring impetuosity.

The gleaming swords threw glinting arcs of light as they swept lightning-like and crashed together, the ring of steel cutting sharply through the silence.

Olyanda stood leaning against the railing, faint and agitated, while the crowd hung breathless and silent on the issue.

Each combatant was now at his best, and the battle raged with fierce vigor.

Milton Blake, amazed at the unexpected turn of affairs, sat watching the combat with breathless interest, his eyes following every movement in painful anxiety.

He was beset with the fear that the prince might prove to be no match for the burly rebel chief, but as the fight progressed he saw with a feeling of intense relief that the prince was able to take care of himself.

Once the prince was forced backward against the railing, but with a movement as swift as a panther might have made, he slipped to one side and dealt a swift blow from the left that sent the sword of the rebel chief from his grasp. Before Sangmir could recover himself, the prince struck him a heavy blow with the side of his sword that sent him senseless to the floor.

Prince Kopa stepped back and stood calmly surveying his defeated antagonist while a mighty wave of applause swept over the hall.

With a cry of joy Olyanda ran forward and pressed her lips to the prince's hand.

"You were so good to spare his life," she murmured. "Oh, mercy is so much greater than victory and vengeance."

The crowd came forward eager to congratulate the prince and to make him welcome to their country.

Meantime, Sangmir had recovered and staggered to his feet. He stood staring about him for a moment and then realizing what had happened, he leaped to a window and threw himself out. He fell on the rocks below with terrific force, and when they brought him in he was dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KING'S RETURN.

When the body of the dead rebel chief was borne from the castle Olyanda was proclaimed Queen of Ransodo, to reign till the return of her father, the king.

Meantime, the king's colors that floated from the turret of the castle were illumined by immense lights that it might be proclaimed abroad to all who could see it that the king's authority had been restored.

Runners were sent throughout the valley to carry the good tidings to him, and within a few hours he was brought in triumph to the castle, where he was given a grand ovation by the people.

Great was his joy to find that Olyanda was unharmed, and when she had recited the story of her adventures, her persecution by the natives under the evil influence of the rebel chief, and of the coming of the brave strangers who had rescued her, recaptured the castle and brought matters to a happy issue, he was struck with amazement and hastened to give a royal welcome to the visitors.

They were, by his command, to remain as guests at the castle till communication with their friends could be effected.

It was with wonder and amazement that he listened to the story the strangers had to tell. For ages he and his people, shut in the narrow limits of Ransodo, had heard nothing of what was going on in remote parts of their little world.

Only dim traditions of the city of Brara which was now in ruins had come down to his time—the city from which his ancestors had fled in the dim ages of the past, and it was a wonderful story to him to learn from the lips of the visitors that they had recently visited the ruins and explored many parts of them.

But doubly strange was the story of those who had come from the earth—through the great void that separated it from his little world. And the king never tired of listening to the wonders of the earth which hung on the horizon of the moon a great mysterious disc like a silent sentinel set in the illimitable void.

The visitors had now abandoned all thought of returning through the tunnel to Brara, for they were fully convinced that the Vesta would be turned in the direction of Ransodo and might at any time be expected to arrive.

Meantime, great lights were kept displayed on the castle and throughout the valley that those aboard the Vesta might be attracted thereby should they pass that way.

As for Prince Kopa, he seemed to suffer no apprehension as to the future, but the alluring smile of Olyanda doubtless had much to do with it. And as for Milton and Katharine, their love for one another was quite sufficient to banish the gloom of the long night that had set in, and despite the anxiety regarding the uncertainty of the coming of the Vesta, they were not unhappy.

So the long night wore on, and still no sign of the Vesta appeared in the vault above the valley.

At times Milton and Katharine would stand at the great window and look longingly at the earth that swung in the black depths of space, feeling a strange sense of loneliness and isolation, yet the touch of each other's hand, and the sweet pleasure of each other's presence took from their exile its sharpest pang and filled their souls with an inward joy that is confined to no clime nor terrestrial sphere.

Far away, a luminous fleck in the depths of space, Halley's comet could be seen, speeding toward the earth's orbit; and as they gazed at the lone wanderer, Katharine thought of their perilous flight through space into its very track, and of the specimens they had plucked from it—"feathers from the comet's wing," as the doctor had said, and the whole experience seemed like a strange dream.

Meantime, a watch was kept for the Vesta. At any moment it might sweep above the valley, and the brilliant lights that were set on the castle were never allowed to wane.

The king entertained his guests royally, and no pains were spared to make their stay at the castle pleasant.

He was greatly interested in the Vesta and its wonderful flight through space, and it was the constant theme of his conversation.

He desired, if it were possible, to have a similar car constructed for the use of himself and people, and it was his purpose to confer with Doctor Manning and Prof. Ruddy regarding the matter should they visit Ransodo.

The death of Sangmir, the revolutionist and the exposure of his duplicity and deception had served to make the king more popular than ever with his people, and he was now laying plans for making many improvements which were the result of his scientific discoveries, the most important of which was the lighting of the little nation with lights similar to the one constructed and placed in the great hall of the castle.

The long night was at an end at last, and just as the first glad rays of the sun swept into the little valley, the Vesta, coming with the airy sweep of a bird, descended from the space above and alighted near the castle.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The stay of the Vesta and its passengers in Ransodo was an event that will never be forgotten by the inhabitants, and when the visitors took their departure for Neka, the king and Olyanda accompanied them.

The party was accorded a grand reception in the Crystal City, and the visiting king of Ransodo and his lovely daughter were royally entertained during their stay.

Already the construction of a replica of the Vesta was under way, superintended by, and after the plans drawn by Prof. Slade. The car when completed was to be used in conveying passengers between Neka and Ransodo, for it had already become doubly necessary since it was arranged that Prince Kopa and Olyanda were to be married.

"Of course this shall not be our last visit," assured Professor Slade. "The Vesta is now so perfected as to render the trip from the earth to the moon merely a matter of a few hours' travel, and we shall not be surprised if in the near future regular cars should run between the earth and the other planets."

Before the departure of the visitors the car constructed by the king's builders was tested and made a successful trip to Ransodo and return.

Then the Vesta, with her prow turned again toward the earth, swept up from the Crystal City and vanished in the depths of space, carrying aboard many curious relics, and priceless treasures brought from the ruins of the ancient city of Brara.

* * * * * * * *

Less than a hundred miles from New York, on a beautiful terrace overlooking the Hudson, stands Lindhurst, a charming old country seat. It is the property of Doctor Manning, and for years he has used it as a place of retreat where he could pursue his studies apart from the distracting sounds of commercial strife.

On a grassy plot inside the spacious grounds there stands a remarkable structure of bronze and glass, a miniature palace with the word "VESTA" plainly visible to passers-by.

There are many conflicting stories about the structure, and it is the subject of much wonder and speculation. Some declare that it appeared there as if it had dropped from the clouds! Others confirm this by averring that they actually saw the structure making its descent the night before it was first seen on the grounds at Lindhurst. The wise ones laugh at these stories, but this does not dispose of the riddle. Gossips of the village continue to repeat the wonderful stories that have been told, and to these a little is added for good measure. Newspaper reporters from the city have called repeatedly at Lindhurst and interviewed Doctor Manning, who frankly confessed that the reports that the Vesta had dropped from the clouds were entirely correct, and instead of believing the doctor, the reporters left with the impression that they were being guyed by the eminent doctor.

Which proves that truth is not only stranger than fiction, but that the truth is [illegible] believed when it is strange.

However, this gossip did not in any wise disturb the minds of the happy party at Lindhurst, but rather served to furnish diversion.

"From the present outlook," remarked Prof. Ruddy, "I think it will be wise to keep our voyage to the moon a secret. Just now there is an almost universal madness for accumulating wealth, which tends to corrupt, rather than advance mankind. Should our secret be discovered, and should the great discovery we have made regarding the use of gravity as a motive force for aerial navigation become known, the greedy rich would immediately establish a line of piratical cars between the earth and the moon, and the wealth of our little satellite—its mineral richness, its treasures of precious stones—would fall a prey to their shameless greed. Thus would the great treasure-trove we have discovered be used to oppress rather than to enrich mankind, and we should have made the world worse instead of better.

"Let us rather guard our secret and use it for the good of mankind in general, and if needs be, to combat the plunderers who prey upon the needy, and give assistance to their victims."

This sentiment was heartily approved by every member of the party, and so for the present at least, the little treasure house that swings around the earth will be safe from the powers that prey and will continue to be an object of admiration and sentiment rather than one of greed and plunder.

On the 18th of May, 1910, a decidedly happy event took place at Lindhurst.

It was the marriage of Milton Blake to the charming Katharine Slade, and as the happy couple sat in the Pullman which was carrying them westward on their wedding tour, a number of people in the car were engaged in an animated discussion regarding Halley's comet which was scheduled to sweep its tail across the earth on that day.

Milton and Katharine listened to the conversation with curious interest, but they did not join in the controversy. Like the average newly married couple they wished to avoid attracting attention to themselves. Despite this, however, the radiant beauty of the bride drew many glances in her direction, and a stylishly dressed woman who occupied the seat behind hers, being unable to get a view of the face which was attracting so many glances, was obliged to content herself with the study of the well-poised head, its wealth of dark gold hair, and a curious and unique hatpin which fastened her attention. It was of some dark metallic substance with a great blue diamond glittering in its center—a gem of such brilliance that it seemed as if a cobalt flame burned in its depths.

The woman caught her breath as she tried to compute its worth, and she was seized with a burning curiosity to know where such an amazing stone could have been found, yet if the possessor had told her the simple truth—that it had been caught, as a feather from the wing of the great comet which was at that moment the all-absorbing topic of conversation, she would have rejected the statement with scorn.

But utterly oblivious to all this, Katharine, happy in the joy of her bridal morn, looked out at the purple mists of early morning hanging in a thin veil over the river, and at the warm May sunlight glinting on the waters and felt how good it was to be back on the old earth of ours with its blue skies, its sparkling streams, its balmy airs and its priceless gift to all, both great and small—Love.

The end.

Expensive Pins.

Tragedian—Will you pin your faith to me, my lovely Hortense?

Sweet Singer—Yes, Horatio, if you supply the diamond pins.

Buying for Wifey.

Speaking of the fads and fashions of the sweetsome sex, Judge John G. Horner, of Mt. Holly, related a little incident which shows that at least one poor old married man is wise to the ways of wifey.

Some time ago, the judge said, a friend of his who lives in a suburban town, was asked by his wife to get her a ready-made shirtwaist while he was in this city, and instead of raising a majestic yelp, kicking the kioodle through the door of the crystal closet, and knocking down the stovepipe, he meekly replied that he would be happy to oblige.

The noonhour found him in a department store, and after locating the counter where female toggery is sold, and waiting for his turn at bat, he gently remarked to the saleslady that he would like to have a shirtwaist for his wife.

"Here are some very pretty ones," said the saleslady, hauling out 98 or less. "What color do you prefer?"

"It doesn't make any difference," replied the husband.

"I believe she would like this one," returned the saleslady. "What size do you want?"

"It doesn't make any difference," was the surprising answer of the purchaser.

"Doesn't make any difference," exclaimed the wondering saleslady. "I should think that it would make a whole lot of difference."

"Oh, no, it doesn't," insisted the wise hubby. "No matter what color I got her, or what size I got her, I would have to come back tomorrow and have it exchanged, anyhow."

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED

Kentucky's Straight Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

In a Plain Box

2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

2 Gallons in demijohns $5 Or 4 Full Quarts $3

We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9.

FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

Address MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON KY.

Sole Owners U.S. Reg. Dist'y No.22, 6th Dist., Ky. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask [illegible] by prepaid freight. Write for express [illegible]

Zirita of Glenaspen;

Or, THE PATH OF PERIL

By Gilbert Kildare

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 22, May 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

ZIRITA'S ADVENTURE.

DE BRACY'S mansion was a weird-looking old place, yet crudely beautiful in its picturesque disorder. It was a large house of several stories, and resembled, on a small scale, an old country castle, having many towers and being surrounded by a high stone wall, which was torn down in several places. Along the outside of the wall, for a mile or so, there flowed a swift babbling brook. Gaining force as it went, it rushed headlong down the valley, and finally lost itself, bursting into foam and falling over a deep precipice, all the while making an unearthly moan, which increased into a roar as it reached its termination.

The grounds around the house had originally been well kept, but the place had been for years unoccupied and without care, and so when DeBracy purchased it, its vegetation was tangled and overgrown.

De Bracy had come to the valley some twenty or twenty-one years before the period with which this tale opens. He claimed to hail from France, and appeared to be very wealthy. He was a bachelor of more or less threadbare morals, and taking a fancy to the old place for some mysterious reason, purchased it. Its reputation had never seemed to bother him in the least, and to the great disappointment of the superstitious element, he had lived there without anything worse happening to him than the occasional loss of a few cigars or some of the rare old wine, with which he was plentifully supplied. This, however, had been traced to human agency, and settled in a very practical and unromantic manner by the dismissal of his valet.

He never had made any effort to repair the damage that had been done to the grounds, and altogether it appeared to be just such a place as gnomes and elves would select for their midnight revels. This occurred to Zirita, as the carriage bearing her and her mother entered the crumbling gateway, and rumbled up the road, even the horses' hoofs seeming to fall with a hollow sound on the pavement.

Zirita was of rather a romantic temperament, and was charmed with the wild, tangled aspect of the place. De Bracy occupied only the bottom story, which had been repaired and modernized to suit his taste, and here the fete was being held. He was, as Mrs. Seymour had said, a charming host, and his entertainments (which were numerous) were always thoroughly enjoyed. The rooms were decorated in almost every conceivable color, so that their appearance was bizarre to an almost startling effect.

"Mercy!" thought Zirita, as she entered the receptionroom, and noted its queer decorations in bright red and deep blue, with dashes of yellow and green. "I always thought French people were adepts in such matters, but such taste would make an Indian blush."

The affair was a success so far as De Bracy was concerned, but was a complete failure to Zirita as far as personal enjoyment went. Mrs. Seymour, much to her surprise, for she knew that Zirita disliked De Bracy, had experienced no difficulty in inducing her to come, the secret being that she was eager to learn something more about the ghost. Spirits and haunted localities were subjects of great fascination to her. Like most people who believe in "ghosts" and who love weird and terrifying stories of the supernatural, she never failed to grasp an opportunity of hearing a gruesome recital of unearthly events, although her personal experience with spirits was rather limited.

De Bracy had almost bored her to death by inflicting his personality on her at every possible moment, but when she questioned him about the ghost, he seemed to consider it a huge joke, and laughingly told her it was all a "sublime piece of nonsense."

During one of his temporary absences, she heard some one suggest that she should be asked to sing. Now, Zirita was not a very vain girl. She simply had a perfectly natural and human desire to shine before those she loved, and singing before that crowd of strangers was a very different thing indeed from singing to Oswald, or chanting some opera to an audience which would possibly have some sense of appreciation, and she looked helplessly around for a loophole through which to escape. However, the opportunity presented itself in a few moments, and she eagerly grasped it. A servant was just bearing back to the kitchen a tray filled with attacked and more or less vanquished delicacies, and she quickly slipped through the door after him, without being observed. She was unable to keep up with him, however, and losing sight of him entirely, soon found herself roaming aimlessly about in the large hall.

Not being able to tell which door she had emerged from, and catching sight of a flight of stairs, she ascended them, prompted by curiosity. In the hallway at the top she found a dim light burning, suspended from the ceiling. This seemed strange, as she knew the bottom story only was in use. Directly opposite the light was a tall, nar[illegible]w door, which stood partly ajar. There was a deathlike stillness about the place, and the gloom of the long, dimly-lighted hall made her feel uneasy. Its tomb-like aspect began to excite her imagination, suggesting all sorts of things to her overactive brain. Now she would see a dark form, crouching in a corner, staring at her with hollow eyes or grinning at her with demoniac glee; then turning her eyes elsewhere, she would fancy she beheld a white robed figure in the far end of the passage, beckoning at her with ghostly arms.

Suddenly some one downstairs began to play a soft, plaintive melody on a violin. The music gradually grew louder, and echoed through the rooms above, wailing as if a spirit imprisoned within their depths were begging to be set free. Then the melody became soft and low again, finally dying away with a sobbing note of despair.

Zirita glanced terror-stricken over her shoulder. Just at that moment a gust of wind came through an open window, extinguishing the lamp, which fell from the ceiling with a crash, leaving her in total darkness. She became panic-stricken. Groping around for the stairway, she came to the door she had seen standing partly open. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she pushed it gently in. Its hinges gave a screeching creak, which almost caused the blood to congeal in her veins.

She was scarcely inside when she heard the sound of footsteps coming across the floor toward her. Then a cold, clammy hand was laid upon her cheek. Her nerves, already at their tension, relaxed at this moment, and she sank to the floor in a heap, while through her brain flashed a vivid recollection of the tale of the ruined and murdered girl.

CHAPTER VII.

ZIRITA'S DISCOVERY.

A few moments later she heard some one light a match, and she raised her eyes slowly, fearful of what she should see. Presently a candle was lit, and by its dim light she saw the figure of a woman. She was fantastically dressed in a gown of red, with a yellow scarf about her hips, while around her head was a bright colored kerchief. The light was shining full upon her face, and Zirita felt relieved as she saw its expression, which was hardly one to inspire terror. It was a face wrinkled with age, but there was such a look of intense sadness and misery upon it that she felt a throb of pity in her heart for the creature.

The woman's eyes were large and dark, and shone with a strange brilliancy, such as is only seen at rare moments in the eyes of people under great excitement. Her hair was almost hidden by her strange head-dress, and the few locks which escaped from its folds were of midnight blackness, slightly streaked with silver. She had large golden rings in her ears, which, with her peculiar dress, gave her rather an Oriental appearance. Her figure was small and slight, and there was a stoop in her shoulders which made it almost dwarflike. As Zirita gazed at her it seemed as though she had suddenly been transported to some far off land. Certainly the appearance of the woman was scarcely what one would expect to find in a well regulated house in the twentieth century. The room was barren and dismal looking. A small table and chair in one corner, and a low couch in another, were all the furniture it contained.

The woman returned her look for some time in silenee. Then going to her side, she lifted her from the floor where she was still seated, and said: "Why are you so much afraid?" Her voice was low and musical, and with her kind manner was indeed comforting after the terror the girl had endured. With a thankful sigh she allowed the woman to raise her to her feet, and going to the couch, seated herself wearily upon it.

The woman seemd as much astonished at her sudden appearance as she was herself at what she saw, and again looked at her in silence without seeming to expect a reply.

"Where did you come from?" she finally asked.

"I came from downstairs. I lost my way in the hall, and came up here."

"And what is going on downstairs?"

"How strange!" Zirita thought, "she does not even know what is going on in this very house. Surely there must be something wrong about all this!" And she moved away to the farther end of the couch.

The woman noticed her action, and seemed indescribably hurt by it.

"Why are you so much afraid?" she repeated, sadly. "Another one found her way up here once," she continued as if talking to herself, "and she fled in horror at sight of me. Can I then have become so hideous?"

She picked up a broken piece of mirror from the table and gazed earnestly at it. "Yes, it is so. Where is that skin which was soft as velvet, and those cheeks like the rose? Where are those eyes that sparkled and flashed like the very sun?" She let the glass fall upon the table and again turned to Zirita. "Girl," she cried fiercely, "girl, you see me now. Look on this face and tell me, do you think that it was ever beautiful—fairer even than your own?"

She did not wait for an answer, but sprang to her feet and paced up and down the room. Her eyes grew wild-looking, and she began to talk to herself in a language Zirita did not understand. She seemed suddenly to have gone mad, for she stamped the floor with her foot, and drawing a knife from the folds of her girdle, brandished it in the air. She appeared to be threatening some one, and the frightened girl could hear one word repeated several times which sounded like "Ulric! Ulric!"

Her frenzy was most terrifying to witness, and Zirita sat as if turned to stone, her heart beating so fast that it sent the blood bounding through her veins. Why had she run away like a coward when asked to sing? And why, oh, why, did she dare to venture upstairs?

The woman's manner suddenly changed, and throwing the knife on the floor she began to laugh, moderately at first, then louder and louder. She fell and rolled upon the floor, while shriek after shriek of hysteric laughter filled the room and hallway. Then, again springing to her feet, she began to whirl about in a sort of a dance, twisting her arms in various positions, all the while chanting some wild song in the strange language she had spoken. She whirled and whirled around, faster and faster, at the same time accelerating her song to suit her movements.

Zirita slipped from the couch and crouched upon the floor.

"Oh, my God deliver me," she murmured. "I believe she is insane!"

The woman's very violence exhausted itself and she sank upon the floor. There was foam issuing from her lips, and they still moved incessantly, although uttering no sound.

Suddenly the girl heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and she joyfully sprang to the door and threw it open. It was one of De Bracy's servants, a small dark man, with a stolid, stony countenance. He pushed her rudely out of his way, and going to the woman's side, lifted her from the floor and placed her upon the couch. She was now quite calm, and seemed to sink wearily into a deep slumber.

The man turned angrily to Zirita, exclaiming, "What do you mean by coming up here?"

His insolence aroused her anger, and she tossed her head haughtily, saying, "I will answer to your master for that. I believe you are overstepping the bounds of your position. Will you please show me the way downstairs?"

He was not in the least daunted by her manner, and grasping her hand, hissed in her ear, "If you ever dare tell any one of this I will kill you! Do you understand?"

She quickly drew her hand away. "What do you mean? Your manner makes me think there is some crime connected with this strange woman. I will ask your master about it as soon as I see him."

His manner changed wonderfully, and he fell upon his knees.

"For the love of God, miss, I beg of you to say nothing!"

"Who is this woman?"

"She is a madwoman. She is a relative of the master's, and he keeps her locked up here. I am the one who takes care of her. No one else knows of her but the master and me."

She looked at him searchingly, and instinctively felt that he was lying.

"Why are her clothes so queer?" she asked.

"It is part of her insanity. She gets very violent sometimes, too, and that is why she has to be locked up. I carelessly left the door open today, and that is how you happened to discover her. Please say nothing about it to any one."

"Well, I will not," she answered, not quite sure of keeping her promise, however. "Now, please show me the way downstairs. They will probably be searching for me, I have been gone quite a while!"

Under his guidance she soon found herself back in the crowded room.

"Where have you been, child?" her mother asked, coming up with De Bracy. "I have been looking all over for you."

"I have been upstairs, looking for the ghost," she answered, slyly watching De Bracy.

At her words he looked at her keenly.

"Did you see it?" he inquired, a trifle anxiously.

"No, unfortunately I was disappointed."

He appeared relieved.

"When you come here again, I would advise you not to go off looking for ghosts by yourself. Those rooms upstairs are not in good shape, and you might get seriously injured while roaming through them in the darkness."

"There is some mystery about that woman," said Zirita to herself that night, turning the matter over in her mind after she had retired. "I am sure the poor creature has been wronged and abused. I feel sorry for her! With those handsome large eyes, she must have been beautiful when she was young. I should like to know her history. I wonder who she can be?"

CHAPTER VIII.

A BALL AT BRIGHTONS'.

The next afternoon, glancing out of the window, Zirita beheld Oswald coming up the walk, a preoccupied expression on his face. She hurried downstairs and met him at the door.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "You look worried about something."

"Nothing, dear. I am not worried, but merely annoyed at my forgetfulness. Mr. Brighton's two daughters are giving a fancy ball tonight, and they asked me yesterday to come over to invite you and your mother. She is well acquainted with them."

"That is very kind of them, I am sure."

"Yes, but I don't know what is the matter with me. I forgot all about it till this afternoon."

"That shows how often you think of me," she replied coquettishly.

"You know how much I think of you, or

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio.—"My daughter was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, head and limbs, and could walk but a short distance at a time. She came very near having nervous prostration, had begun to cough a good deal, and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills she has improved so much that she feels and looks like another girl."—Mrs. C. Cole, Fitchville, Ohio.

Irasburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irasburg, Vermont.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful —or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

☞ Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guide[illegible]sands to health free of charge. [illegible] Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Bigamy is as foolish as it is criminal.

A man who tells you that he is wise is otherwise.

Many a man tries to stand on his rights who hasn't any.

Your second thoughts may be best—if they arrive on time.

If time were money, most of us wouldn't have a minute to spare.

You never hear a minister singing "No wedding bells for me."

There is no hope for a young man who is too lazy to fall in love.

Few people can talk on all subjects, yet a lot of them attempt it.

His Satanic majesty boosted his business when he invented politics.

A man is to be excused for writing silly letters if he doesn't send them.

Even if a woman doesn't love a man she loves to have a man love her.

Farmers don't believe in race suicide. Children are so useful on a farm.

Did it ever occur to you to try your own advice before turning it over to others?

There is something wrong with the woman who prides herself on her lack of pride.

We always feel sorry for a man who is taking care of a baby in a dry goods store.

And more married men would make fools of themselves if their wives would let them.

Our idea of a foolish woman is one who is afraid of a mouse and isn't afraid of a man.

If you are thinking of going to law to spite somebody, take a year off and think it over.

The man who marries for money should be willing to take the humiliation that goes with it.

No man ever loves the way he thought he would. He loves the way he has to or is allowed to.

Instead of marrying a man to reform him, the average woman marries a man to inform him.

And it is almost as easy to find friends when you have money as it is to lose them when you go broke.

Who can prove that the "conjure" bags sold to alarmed Southern negroes did not ward off the comet?

If President Taft really wonders why his administration isn't popular he should ask the first man he meets.

Some automobiles are such excellent hill climbers that they take their owners over the hill to the poorhouse.

Nearly every time a man approaches a new field of pleasure he bumps up against a "keep off the grass" sign.

A company that will insure a man against his wife's relations would secure more patronage than any other insurance company.

Don't squander all your love on a man during courtship, Cordelia. You'll need a big surplus to draw on after the honeymoon has [illegible] the slumps.

(Continued from page five.)

do you want me to tell you all over again?" And he looked quite equal to the task, which was hardly a disagreeable one.

"Some other time, perhaps. This is hardly the time or the place. But come inside, and we will arrange about the ball." And she led him into the parlor.

"When did you say it was to take place?" she asked.

"Tonight."

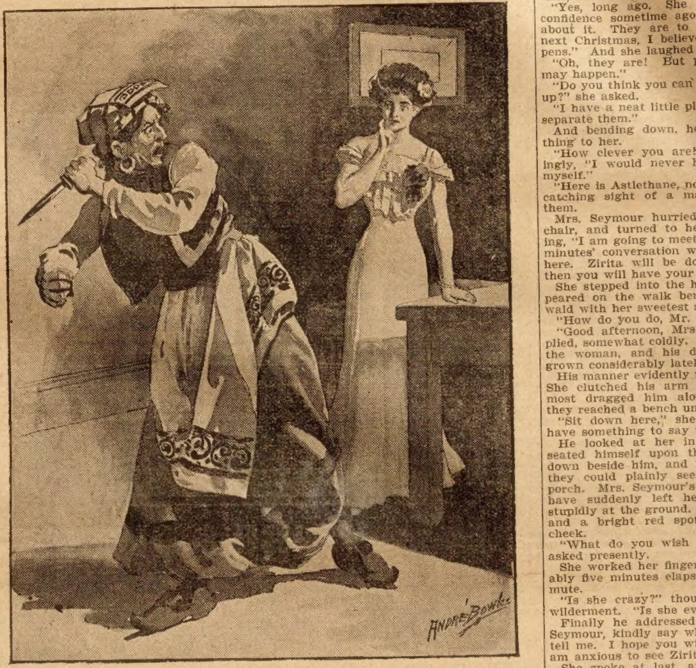
"The notice is indeed short. I am very much afraid I will not be able to get a costume ready. If I do go, you will have to accompany me, as I think my mother has gone out for the afternoon and evening."

"For which the gods be thanked!" he thought, gratefully.

"Can you not find something to wear?" he asked. "Anything will answer. You must not miss it."

"I will see. You remain here while I go and ask the housekeeper. Perhaps I can borrow something for tonight from one of the servants."

She tripped off in search of the housekeeper. She found her, after considerable trouble, engaged in the delightful occupation of warning a young woman, covered with blushes and dough, against the snares and vices of mankind in general, and milkmen in particular. She held up as an example an embarrassed looking young man who stood near, with the convicting evidence of the print of two large floury hands upon his back.



"Ulric! Ulric!"

Zirita arrived just in time to hear the end of her speech.

"Now, Molly," she was saying, "don't be a-gettin' your 'eart and your milk mixed up, or you will be a-spillin' the mistress's coffee."

"Oh, Mrs. Sniggles," said Zirita, suppressing a laugh, "don't be so old-maidish! Molly is a good girl, and I am sure she has a perfect right to a sweetheart."

Molly and her sweetheart gave her a grateful look, and Mrs. Sniggles sniffed.

"Just as you think, miss. But men is beasts."

"We will let that go for the present. I came to ask you if you could tell me where to find something that I could wear to the fancy ball tonight. I have not had time to prepare a costume."

"Lemme see. Oh, yes! I do know where there is one. Just you wait a minute."

Zirita returned to the parlor, while Mrs. Sniggles ran upstairs with far more speed than grace, be it known, for to please Zirita was her especial joy.

"I know what will just suit her," she said to herself.

A few moments later she returned with her arms laden with bright colored garments. Zirita eagerly examined them.

"Wait a moment till I try them on," she said.

She left the room for a few moments, and what a transformation she had wrought when she returned! Her hair was hanging loosely down her back, and upon her head a yellow scarf was gracefully arranged. She had on a short yellow skirt and jacket of the same color, and about her hips was tied another scarf of purple.

Oswald looked up and was unable to suppress a gasp.

"A gypsy dress!" he cried. "How well you look in it!"

"Yes, a gypsy dress. It fits almost perfectly, too. I could not have found anything better. Wherever did you get it, Mrs. Sniggles?"

Mrs. Sniggles smacked her lips with a satisfied air.

"It 'as been in your father's room for years," she answered. "It 'as been 'anging in 'is closet ever since I come 'ere."

"The idea! Where could he have found it?"

"Dunno, miss. I ast 'im about it onct, but 'e told me to mind [illegible] affairs. It was the only [illegible] mean to me."

"He was the gentlest man on earth!" exclaimed Zirita.

"'E was indeed, miss. An' do you know, onct when I came into the room suddenly, 'e had that 'ere dress in 'is 'ands, actually a-kissin' it, an' actin' so soft-like."

"Mrs. Sniggles, you may go now. Thank you for finding the dress for me."

And Mrs. Sniggles withdrew, somewhat hastily.

Zirita went to the ball with Oswald, and enjoyed it very much. The Brightons were jolly, good-natured people, and she felt at home with them immediately. She created quite a sensation in the gypsy costume, for it set off her type of beauty to perfection.

Oswald had annoyed her considerably by glaring at every young man who came up to dance with her, and she was really angry when he told her emphatically that she must not dance with De Bracy. The latter was causing a panic among the sentimental young misses, making himself fascinating in the costume of a toreador. He did not seem to have seen Zirita, however, so he had not bothered her so far.

When she was ready to go home she left Oswald for a moment and went into the anteroom to don her wraps. She almost knocked over a dark man in a red velvet suit who was just coming out.

It was De Bracy, and he stared at her for a moment in astonishment, exclaiming, "Great God! Her very image!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he said, recovering. "I did not see you come in. How well you look as a gypsy!"

"I am glad you think so. Oh, Mr. De Bracy, I would like to ask you a question."

"Very well, what is it?"

"Will you answer it truthfully?"

"Most assuredly."

"Who is that woman whom you keep locked up in your mansion?"

His face became livid, and he glared at her like a demon.

"She is a relative of mine, who is insane," he answered without the slightest hesitation. "I did not know you had seen her."

"Yes, I saw her."

"She becomes very violent sometimes. You ran a great risk. She might have taken a notion to kill you."

"Oh, no! She was very kind to me."

On their way home she told Oswald of her adventure of the previous night, and also mentioned her recent encounter with De Bracy.

"It looks very queer," he said. "I believe that fellow has a secret or two that he guards very carefully. He does not appear to me to be a man who has led quite a Sunday school sort of existence."

Zirita put down her foot solidly, muttering, "I am going to discover the truth about that woman, and if he has mistreated her, I will have him punished within an inch of his life!"

"What a little whirlwind you are!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid you will be quite a tyrant when we are married."

And he gazed admiringly at her face silhouetted against the carriage window, thinking that such tyranny would be welcome.

CHAPTER IX.

OSWALD'S RIVAL.

The days slipped by, and autumn came. The trees let fall their leaves, and the flowers withered. "The melancholy days" as Bryant called them, were here, and Nature was putting off her gay gown of green, as it were, and attiring herself in her dismal brown robe. Mrs. Seymour thought of none of these things, as she sat alone on the veranda. Her mind was not of a poetical cast, and the sight of the withering flowers and barren branches of the trees did not affect her. Just now her mind was occupied wholly by Oswald.

"I have shown him in every possible way that I love him," she thought, "but he is so wrapped up in that girl that he can see nothing else. The beast! I almost believe I will hate him if I ever get over loving him!"

She heard some one coming up the walk, and looking up saw De Bracy.

"Come up here and sit beside me," she cried. "I have been wishing to see you for several days."

A moment later he was seated by her side.

"Have you something to tell me?" he asked.

"Aren't your clothes a trifle gay today?" she continued, noting his gray suit, yellow shoes and scarlet cravat. (His usual appearance was rather slovenly.)

"Can you not guess a reason?"

"No, I cannot, I am sure."

"I want to look my best today. I am going to propose to Zirita."

She straightened up in her chair, and looked pleased for a moment, but suddenly an anxious expression came over her face and she said, "But Oswald, what about him?"

"I suppose he has proposed to her by this time, hasn't he?"

"Yes, long ago. She took me into her confidence sometime ago, and told me all about it. They are to be married about next Christmas, I believe—if nothing happens." And she laughed derisively.

"Oh, they are! But perhaps something may happen."

"Do you think you can make her give him up?" she asked.

"I have a neat little plan by which I will separate them."

And bending down, he whispered something to her.

"How clever you are!" she said admiringly, "I would never have thought of it myself."

"Here is Astlethane, now," said De Bracy, catching sight of a man coming toward them.

Mrs. Seymour hurriedly arose from her chair, and turned to her companion, saying, "I am going to meet him, I want a few minutes' conversation with him. You stay here. Zirita will be down presently, and then you will have your chance."

She stepped into the house, and soon appeared on the walk beneath, greeting Oswald with her sweetest smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Astlethane."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Seymour," he replied, somewhat coldly. He had never liked the woman, and his dislike for her had grown considerably lately.

His manner evidently made her desperate. She clutched his arm nervously, and almost dragged him along the walk until they reached a bench underneath a tree.

"Sit down here," she said abruptly. "I have something to say to you."

He looked at her in amazement as he seated himself upon the bench. She sat down beside him, and through the bushes they could plainly see De Bracy on the porch. Mrs. Seymour's courage seemed to have suddenly left her, and she looked stupidly at the ground. Her breast heaved, and a bright red spot burned on either cheek.

"What do you wish to say to me?" he asked presently.

She worked her fingers nervously. Probably five minutes elapsed, yet she still sat mute.

"Is she crazy?" thought Oswald, in bewilderment. "Is she ever going to speak?"

Finally he addressed her, saying, "Mrs. Seymour, kindly say whatever you wish to tell me. I hope you will pardon me, but I am anxious to see Zirita."

She spoke at last, and the words came like a volley from her lips.

"Zirita! Zirita! Always and eternally Zirita! Do you ever think of anything else?"

"Why, Mrs.——"

"Zirita! Zirita! I suppose the birds sing 'Zirita,' the breeze sighs 'Zirita,' and the very sound of the brook says 'Zirita!'"

"But,——"

"Oh, don't talk to me!"

"Very well," he answered, looking at her with an expression which was a mixture of astonishment, horror and disgust. "It was only at your request that I remained here."

Considering the interview at an end, he arose to go, but she drew him back upon the bench.

"Oh, Oswald," she cried, placing her arms about his neck, "you will break my heart! Don't you see that I love you?"

He was thunderstruck, and shaking her off, rose to his feet exclaiming, "Can this woman be Zirita's mother!"

She fell, and lying with her face upon the grass, began weeping. Presently she raised her eyes and looked at him earnestly.

"I have never loved before like this," she murmured. "I might have been a good woman if such love had come into my life when I was young."

Oswald regarded her sadly, and pitied the woman in her wretchedness. What if Zirita had spurned him like this when he had told her of his love?

He tenderly raised her from the grass, and placed her upon the bench. Seating himself beside her, he tried to console her. She misunderstood his action, and let her head sink upon his shoulder, as she smiled at him sadly, saying, "I know you will give her up for me, won't you?"

He again arose from the seat.

"You misunderstand me, Mrs. Seymour. I love your daughter with all my heart and soul, and to marry her is my fondest desire."

She sprang to her feet, and her eyes looked as if they would burst from their sockets.

"I am very sorry for you," he continued, "but your unhappiness is through no fault of mine, I assure you. I came to see Zirita from the very first."

"Oswald Astlethane, as surely as I stand here before you now, you shall never marry my daughter, never!"

De Bracy sat by himself only a few moments when Zirita appeared. She did not observe him until she came too near to turn back. Mentally resigning herself to the misery of his company until such time as she could escape, she sat down in the chair her mother had just vacated. She greeted him distantly, and turning her face away, became absorbed in the landscape stretching out before them.

"I wonder if Oswald will come," she thought pensively.

De Bracy watched her keenly and seemed

WANTED AGENTS-SALESMEN-MANAGERS WANTED

STARTLING OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY FAST AT HOME OR TRAVELING---ALL OR SPARE TIME

Experience not necessary. Honesty and willingness to work is all we ask. We will give you an appointment worth **$50 to $75 every week.** You can be independent. Always have money in abundance and pleasant position selling **greatest labor saving household invention brought forth in fifty years. LISTEN:**--One man's orders **$2,650.00 one month,** profit $1,650.00. Sylvester Baker, of Pa., **a boy of 14** made $9.00 in 2½ hours. C. C. Tanner, Ia., **80 years old,** averages five sales to seven calls. See what a wonderful opportunity. **Room for YOU,** no matter what your age or experience, or where you are located—if you are square and will act quick. But don't delay—territory is going fast. Read what others are doing and be influenced by their success. **WORK FOR US AND GET RICH.**

"I do not see how a better seller could be manufactured," writes Parker J. Townsend, Minn. "Called at twenty homes, made nineteen sales"—E. A. Martin, Mich. "Most simple, practical, necessary household article I have ever seen," says E. W. Melvin, San Francisco. "Took six dozen orders in four days"—W. R. Hill, Ill. "Went out first morning, took sixteen orders,"—N. H. Torrence, New York. **"Started out 10 a. m., sold thirty-five by 4 o'clock,"** J. R. Thomas, Colo. **"Sold 131 in two days."**—G. W. Handy, New York. "I have sold goods for years but frankly, I have never had a seller like this,"—W. P. Spangenberg, N. J. **"Canvassed eleven families, took eleven orders,"**—E. Randall, Minn. **"SOLD EIGHTEEN FIRST 4½ HOURS."** Will start one man working for me today, another Saturday,"—Elmer Menn, Wis.

These words are real—they are honest. Every order was delivered, accepted and the money paid in cash. Every letter is right here in our office and we will give the full postoffice address of any man or woman we have named if you doubt. This is a big, reliable, manufacturing company incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, and every statement we make is **absolutely sincere and true.**

YOU CAN MAKE THIS MONEY. You can make

$3000 IN 3 MONTHS

selling this great invention—**The EasyWringer Mop**—the biggest money maker of the age. Think of it—**A self-wringing Mop.** No putting hands into the dirty water. No aching backs. No slopping against woodwork. No soiled clothes. No contracting deadly disease from touching hands to filth and germs that come from floor. Can use scalding water containing strong lye. **Two turns of crank wrings out every drop of water.** Makes housekeeping a pleasure—makes the day happy. Simple, practical, reliable. It lasts for years. Every woman is interested—and buys. **No talking necessary—it sells itself.** Simply show it and take the order. **Could you imagine an easier, quicker, better way to make money than supplying this demand already created.**

We want more **agents, salesmen, managers,** to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. **150 percent profit.** No investment required. **We own patents and give you exclusive territory, protection, co-operation, assistance. You can't fail because you risk nothing. HUNDREDS ARE GETTING RICH.** Act quick. Write for your county today. **WE WANT A THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN.** We are giving appointments every day to men and women who are ambitious and honest to manage our business in their territory. This is indeed a remarkable offer—the chance of a lifetime.

Turn Crank to Wring

The New Easy Wringer Mop

New Low Priced Household Article.

The above cut shows mop wrung up dry, and pictures the good, strong substantial material used throughout. When mop is raised from floor it automatically straightens out ready for wringing.

This smaller picture shows mop on floor. It spreads out and is held down to floor at all points.

SEND NO MONEY: Only your name and address on a postal card for information, offer and valuable booklet **FREE.** Tomorrow belongs to the one behind—**the opportunity is open TODAY.**

Write your name and address clearly, giving name of county. Address

THE U. S. MOP COMPANY, 982 MAIN ST., LEIPSIC, OHIO.

to guess her thoughts, for he said, "You seem to be expecting some one."

"Yes, I am expecting Oswald today," she answered.

"'Oswald.' Do you call him 'Oswald?' You must be quite intimate with him, then."

Her eyes flashed, and she looked at him aggressively.

"Please do not pay so much attention to trifles, Mr. De Bracy. I do not think it can possibly be of any consequence to you what I call him."

"Far more consequence than you think, pretty one," he said, with a leering grin.

"Please do not speak in riddles!"

"I won't. I will tell you in plain English, I love you."

He had shown this on several previous occasions, and Zirita, being no fool, was not surprised. She did not answer, but again became absorbed in the landscape.

"I love you," he continued, rising and placing his hand upon her shoulder. "I love you, and I want to marry you."

Pushing his hand away, she arose. "I thank you very much for the offer," she replied, her voice vibrating with anger, "but as I am already engaged to Mr. Astlethane, your suit is quite hopeless."

He was not crushed by any means.

"Not so fast, my love. We can settle your engagement to Astlethane all right. I want to marry you, and I think I will!"

He stepped up close to her, and before she was aware of his intention, he had her in his arms and was kissing her.

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON.

Just at that moment Mrs. Seymour caught sight of them. Her hand closed on Oswald's arm like a vice, and she cried exultantly, "Look, there is your sweet, guileless little Zirita! See how much she loves you!"

Oswald turned and saw them. He could not believe his eyes, and stood stupidly staring at them. Not till Mrs. Seymour's cackling laugh fell jarringly upon his ear did he arouse himself.

"Zirita false and heartless! I cannot believe it!"

He flung his companion's arm aside and rushed toward the house, followed by Mrs. Seymour. In a second he stood before them, flushed and exasperated. Tearing Zirita from De Bracy's arms, he cried, "Great God! How I was deceived! You that I believed the truest and most innocent of women!"

The girl was astounded.

"But Oswald, let me explain."

"Explain! Explain! Explain what? Didn't I see you receive this man's caresses a moment ago?"

"But Oswald!" the unhappy girl cried as the tears of hurt and mortified love forced themselves to her eyes. "I could not help it, indeed I couldn't."

Oswald, as you have no doubt observed, was of rather a jealous disposition, and such people—poor unfortunates—are ever on the alert for grounds for their suspicions, although they are hardly aware of it themselves. Indeed the sight of his sweetheart in another man's arms was scarcely what any lover would like to see.

"Explain!" he cried in a sarcastic voice which cut the poor girl to the heart. "You are quite clever enough to invent some explanation. Spare your invention for a more worthy cause."

De Bracy and Mrs. Seymour glanced at each other, then the former advanced and laid his hand on Oswald's arm.

"Take it like a man, old fellow," he said in a tone meant to be patronizing and encouraging. "Don't be so hard on the poor girl. She is very young, and you know that no woman can resist a flirtation. It is a weakness of the sex."

Oswald contemptuously shook his arm off, and turned his back upon him.

"I addressed myself to Miss Seymour," he said; "if I wish an explanation of her conduct I will ask her for it—not you."

"Oswald, Oswald," the poor girl cried. "It breaks my heart to see you distrust me so. Surely if you loved me as you ought you would have more faith in me than that."

"Faith! You really don't seem to have a very flattering opinion of my sense. Faith! You ask me to have faith after seeing you in that fellow's arms, allowing, yes, allowing him to rain kisses upon your lips! What sort of a man do you take me for? I never posed as a genius, but it is certainly a novelty to be taken for a fool."

Zirita broke down and wept. She fell back into her chair, and her light frame was shaken with sobs. Her distress seemed to be so painful that Oswald was finally moved to doubt his hastily drawn conclusions. After a moment's hesitation he knelt beside her and clasped his arms tenderly about her, murmuring, "Forgive me, dearest; although you have tortured me beyond endurance, still I must love you!"

She raised her head and looked into his eyes.

"There must be something lacking in your love," she said between her sobs. "I would believe in you, if I had only your word against an ocean of accusation and evidence."

"But tell me, and I will believe you, did you willingly submit to that man's caresses?"

"Your question hurts me beyond description! Do you really think I am so bad as that?"

"I do believe you, my dear. How happy I am to say so! But tell me how it happened?"

She let her head rest upon his shoulder, and told him of De Bracy's proposal and insult. As he listened his face darkened with passion, and when he heard all he arose and rushed toward De Bracy.

"You miserable puppy!" he cried. "Oh, how I would like to break every bone in your black, ugly carcass!"

Zirita looked frightened, yet she felt somewhat pleased at her lover's threat.

De Bracy took a few paces backward. "You—you are q-quite welcome to try," he said with a feeble attempt at bravery, his face showing mortal fear.

"You poor, miserable coward! Such men as you are just of the class that insults defenseless women. I would not touch you! Your very cowardice is its own punishment in the eyes of any man."

He went to Zirita's side and took her fondly in his arms.

"Forgive me, my pretty one. If I did not love you, I would not be jealous."

This did not look well for De Bracy's plans, and Mrs. Seymour slipped up to his side and whispered one word, "Now!". His face brightened and he drew something from his pocket. He walked up to Zirita and making a mild effort to draw her away from Oswald, said, "Come, come, enough of this farce. What is the use of deceiving the poor fellow any longer?"

She looked at him in surprise, and Oswald's brow again darkened. Mrs. Seymour gave De Bracy a smile of approval, and stimulated by it he addressed Oswald.

"Look here, old chap. You insulted me just now, but I don't bear any hard feelings against you."

His rival could not help laughing, and said with perfect good-nature, "I am greatly obliged, although I certainly don't care how you feel."

Mrs. Seymour now thought it time for her to adjust matters, so she said, "Mr. Astlethane, I am very sorry to have to hurt your feelings. My daughter has been engaged to Mr. De Bracy for some time past. What she meant by leading you to imagine she cared for you is more than I can tell."

Zirita arose to her feet.

"Mother, mother! How can you say such things? I have never even liked Mr. De Bracy—it really pains me to be so frank—but under the circumstances I cannot help it. I only tolerated his company here for your sake."

Her mother looked at her reprovingly for a moment. Then she winked and tossed her head knowingly. Shaking her finger playfully at her daughter, she said, "Oh, I see. You little fox! How a girl does love to flirt! But it is very cruel, my dear—yes, it is positively wicked to wound a young man's feelings so."

Oswald gazed from one to the other in astonishment. Mrs. Seymour's manner was so unaffected and natural that he was again deceived. He glared at Zirita, but before he could say a word De Bracy again spoke.

"You see, old chap, what Mrs. Seymour says is perfectly true. Here is a picture Zirita had taken especially for me." And he handed him the picture.

He eagerly grasped it, and as his eyes rested upon it, what a perfect torrent of misery rushed into his mind! His jealous anger told upon him, and he leaned for support against the wall. Zirita stepped to his side and looked at the cause of his excitement. In his hand he held a picture of herself, yes, it was herself—dressed in the gypsy costume she had worn to the ball!

She turned wonderingly to De Bracy and asked, "Wherever did you get it? I certainly never had such a picture taken, and yet it looks exactly like me."

Her erstwhile lover looked at her with an expression of growing disgust.

"Only the other day I asked you for a photograph of yourself, and you told me that you had never had one taken since you were a child. Yet you have had this taken especially for him! Great God! How you deceived me, how you deceived me! What could have been the object of all this deception?"

Before she could answer he passionately tore the picture into pieces, and flinging them upon the floor, stamped upon them.

"If I held your heart in my hands, see—this is how I would treat it!"

He turned, and springing from the veranda to the ground beneath, rushed madly up the walk and disappeared behind the trees.

The continuation of this most romantic story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It leads to very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

Not the Same.

"Mother," queried the pretty daughter, "did father have his salary increased when he married you?"

"No, dear," answered the mother.

"How much was he getting?"

"Only $10 a week."

"But I suppose he had lots of money saved up, didn't he?"

"Not a dollar; he spent his money as fast as he earned it."

"Did you get along comfortably?"

"Yes; and we were very happy."

"Well, mother, you know dear George hasn't been able to save a cent, but——"

"See here, young lady, if that poverty-stricken dude dares to show his face around here again I'll get your father to kick him into the middle of next week."

Tr[illegible] may come to a boy in the form of [illegible]r, and to a girl in the guise of fr[illegible]

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

"Oh! how very nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester, with a little scream of delight, as she sat at breakfast with her husband and brother, the latter not a bad specimen of manhood in its prime, though his face wore a somewhat bored expression, as he looked up with raised eyebrows and asked his sister, in rather lazy tones:

"What's so very nice, Bella?"

"Why," she replied, "the Trevors are going to give one of their delightful parties next week—lawn tennis, and all sorts of fun! They've invited us, and sent a card for you, knowing you are with us. You'll go, of course, Tom?"

"I? Thank you—no," replied Tom Kingsley, not too graciously. "I prefer to spend the day in the library. Crowds bore me."

"We shan't be all old married folks, you know, Tom," said Mr. Lester, laughing. "There'll be plenty of girls."

Tom drew himself up in his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and spoke sternly:

"Girls, my good fellow, don't attract me. The modern girl is a thing of airs and affectation, and yet a romp. She is neither natural nor elegant. She talks slang; wears a great gay hat on one side of her head; pins up her massy back hair with something like a gilt pitchfork, and frizzes her front hair with hot irons. She wears heels like stilts, and pinches her waist. She flaps men with her fan; she giggles. Sometimes she has a little dog that she drags about with a cord—disgusting pair! She flirts and marries nobody who cannot offer her a fortune. Girls! Bah! They are really the silliest creatures in the world!"

"What a cross old bachelor you are getting to be, Tom," said Mrs. Lester; "and we had invited a young lady to go with us just because you were here."

"Oh! I don't wish to be impolite," said Mr. Kingsley. "You meant it kindly, I am sure; but at thirty-eight, Bella, I have seen the world. I know what it is. I wish I did not."

He took the newspaper as he spoke, and sauntered out into the garden.

"How provoking for Tilly!" said Mrs. Lester.

"Oh, he'll go," said Mr. Lester; "I know him of old. Besides, he has not seen Tilly."

On the morning of the long-contemplated gala day, Mr. Kingsley met Tilly Rushmore at the breakfast table. She was dressed in a pale-blue morning dress, and with her smooth, chestnut braids hanging down her back. She made a demure little courtesy, and said very little; but Mr. Kingsley, having once looked at her, never removed his eyes from her face, and as soon as breakfast was over he drew his host aside and whispered in his ear.

"I say, old fellow, it is not too late, is it? May I go?"

"Oh, we'll be delighted!" said his friend; and thereupon Mr. Kingsley announced his intention of joining the company.

"You see, Jasper," he said, as the ladies left the room to prepare for the trip—"you see that is a girl in a thousand."

"Think so?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Why, certainly. No frizzes, no high heels, no nonsense about her, in fact."

"Oh, I always liked Tilly," said Mr. Lester.

For half an hour the gentlemen smoked; then came a pattering sound upon the stairs, and into the room walked Tilly; but, alas! for her unhappy escort! Tilly metamorphosed. Her hair was frizzed in front and fastened behind with a great gold pin; her heels were of the highest; on her arms she wore bangles.

"Don't I look nice?" she said, addressing Mr. Lester.

"Of course you do," replied that gentleman.

Tilly Rushmore looked at Tom Kingsley out of the corners of her eyes, but that fierce bachelor did not lash himself into fury and instantly decline to be of the party; on the contrary, he sat with his head on one side, and an expression of rather sheepish admiration overspreading his countenance.

"In general," he faltered, as one forced to the confession—"in general, as my friend Lester knows, I do not admire frizzed hair; but, really, if I may be permitted to say it, Miss Rushmore, it is wonderfully becoming to you. It seems to throw a soft shadow over the brow, and—and—it really—it really—it—it's so becoming!"

"But you've gone in for high heels, Tilly," said Mr. Lester.

"You don't want me to wear flat shoes and have feet like a flounder's, do you?" pouted Tilly.

"They are such pretty boots," sighed Mr. Kingsley. "Really, such very pretty boots; but then, your feet a [illegible] Miss Tilly. On large, coarse feet I detest high heels."

"He'll do," whispered Mr. Lester to his wife, as they stepped into the wagonette together.

Meanwhile Tilly Rushmore stood laughing on the steps.

"I declare, I've forgotten two things," she said. "Oh, Bella, I was going without my hat."

"Let me run and get it," said Tom.

"Oh, please—and bring Fido, too, won't you?" cried Tilly; "he's tied to the leg of the diningroom table."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Kingsley, turning pale.

"My little pug," said Tilly, "the dearest little fellow. I always take him everywhere with me."

Tom walked away. In a few moments he returned. In one hand he held a dashing hat, in the other he held one end of a blue ribbon, the other end being fastened to the collar of a black-nosed little pug dog.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Kingsley," cried Tilly, deftly sticking the gay hat on the left side of her head, and seizing Fido in her arms. "Now, isn't he a cunning little soul? Shake his paw."

"The little beauty!" exclaimed Tom, obeying. "Do you know, Miss Rushmore, I do not generally like dogs, but this is the nicest little fellow. Let me hold him for you. Be careful how you step in—stoop your head. If you were to spoil that lovely hat of yours I should not forgive you. Really, I can't see why it is that some ladies find such lovely things, and others are so unfortunate."

Oh, what a ride that was for Tom!

On the road a party of pedestrians met and stopped them.

"Oh, Nelly!" cried Tilly, "where are you going?"

"For blackberries," laughed the other girl. "Isn't it fun?"

"Oh, yes," said Tilly; "I love blackberrying to distraction."

"Come to see me tomorrow afternoon," called one of the party. "We'll have heaps of fun."

"Not too much fun, but just enough," shrieked Tilly, with ecstatic laughter, and so they parted.

"Slang," whispered Mrs. Lester to her spouse.

It was late in the afternoon when somewhere in the grounds Tom sat beside Miss Rushmore, watching with tender gaze the interesting disappearance of her sixth plate of strawberries and cream. Fido was on his knee.

"Miss Rushmore," Tom was saying, "I don't think the poets are wrong—when one does fall in love it is instantaneously. I adore you! Do you think you could like me well enough to marry me?"

"I've only known you one day, Mr. Kingsley," replied Tilly. "I think you are awfully nice, but don't——"

"Too old?" sighed Tom.

"Just the right age," said Tilly; "but, oh! it's so sudden."

"I know it," said Tom. "But, you see, I am in a position to make a wife comfortable. I have a nice estate, a town house, and ten thousand a year."

"How awfully jolly!" said Tilly. "Frankly, I would not marry a very poor man. I shouldn't like to be pinched, and I know it would be awful not to have nice things. Aunt Jemima gives me everything nice; but I'm an orphan, you know. I haven't a penny of my own."

"Have all I possess; marry me!" said Tom.

"Well—I think I will," replied Tilly.

"Engaged already!" cried Mr. Lester, over a late cigar. "Well, Tom, you've chosen a nice girl; but——"

"You cannot say anything I do not know," replied Tom. "She wears the frizzes I detested, the hat I abhorred, the high heels I abominated. She is a little flirt; she talks slang; she has powder on her nose, and she carries a pug dog about. But it is settled."

Poor Old Married Man.

It was a full moonlight night and the neighboring bells were chiming the hour of 2 a. m.

"Martha," called the young husband, who had been pacing the floor since midnight, "Martha, the baby is crying for the moon."

There was a slight twisting of quilts.

"Yum-yum, John," was the answer, and then more snores.

Two hours elapsed and still John was pacing the floor.

"Martha," he called, in desperation.

There was a long silence.

"Martha, do wake up! I can't quiet little Henry; he is still crying for the moon."

There was a series of yawns and then:

"Well, John, for pity's sake, if he is crying for the moon why don't you give it to him and not keep me awake all night?"

And then she turned over for another nap.

A Failure in Matrimony.

"Do you consider that marriage is a failure?" asked the investigator who was gathering data for a contemplated book on matrimony.

"Well, mine was," responded the disappointed-looking man. "The minister had just pronounced the fateful words that were supposed to join me lawfully to the woman I loved when her Enoch Arden husband butted in."

The Other Man.

"So you are not going to marry Miss Gotrox after all, eh?" said DeLong.

"No, I guess not," replied Shortleigh. "There's another man in the case."

"Indeed!" exclaimed DeLong. "Who is he?"

"Her father," answered Shortleigh as he meandered slowly away.

Heard but Not Seen.

"Have you seen any crows?" asked the man with the gun.

"No, I ain't," replied the farmer's boy, "but I've heard some."

"From what direction?" cried the eager hunter.

"From the direction of the chicken house," the boy said, and his statement was immediately verified by the clarion calls of two Plymouth Rock roosters.

Willing to Pay.

Miggles—Hello, doctor! How much do I owe you?

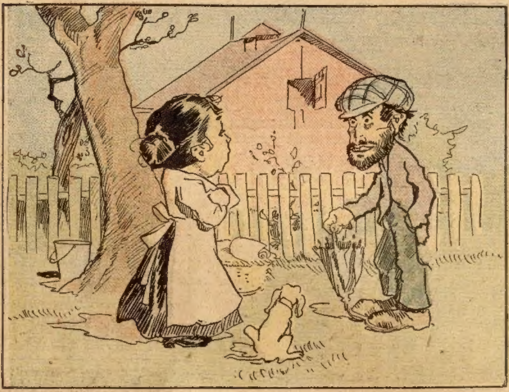
Doctor—You don't owe me anything."

Migles—Well, I must thank you anyway. You saved my life.

Doctor—How's that?

Miggles—The day before I was taken sick you left on your vacation.

COULD WAIT.



Roadworthy Rup ert—Say, lady, hev ye got any o' yer husband's ole vests layin' aroun'?

Housewife—Yes; but my husband's vests won't fit you. He's too fat.

Roadworthy Rupert—That's all right, lady. I'm willin' to board here till I fit 'em.

No Difference in Cost.

Horling—Fevham is in a nice pickle; he was having his temperature taken yesterday and swallowed the doctor's thermometer.

Ripraff—What did the doctor say?

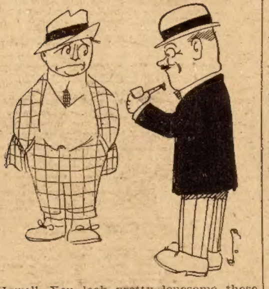
Horling—Said Fevham would have to give him $100 for the loss of the instrument or the same amount to operate for its recovery.

Politic.

Mrs. Nocash—Mercy! You let your girl off every afternoon!

Neighbor—Yes, indeed, it is such a saving. The more she is away the fewer dishes she breaks.

Was Wifey Away.



Howell—You look pretty lonesome these days.

Powell—My boy, I'm as lonesome as a baseball player without a nickname.

All Over Long Ago.

Returned Traveler—When I left the city was all excitement about the horrible murder, but I have heard nothing since.

Resident—Oh, that was all over long ago. The detectives soon made an arrest.

"Ah, indeed! Was the man found guilty and executed?"

"Um—n-o; but I believe he was indicted."

Mates.

Bobby—Honest, is there twins at your house?

Tommy—Honest! An' they're just alike.

Bobby—Built jest the same way, or are they rights and lefts?

It All Depends.

Mr. Smith—Are you interested in stuffed birds?

Mr. Jones—Yes, when the job is done by a good cook.

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

The short man ought to do more work
Than the tallest man can do it,
For the economic reason that
He's so much nearer to it.

A Reason.

"But why not marry?"

"Because I hate to increase the terrible number of divorces."

His Safeguard.

I knew that Mr. Rurales lived on a much-traveled turnpike, and I asked him if he and his family were not greatly troubled by tramps stopping at his house.

"We're not troubled at all," he replied, smiling shrewdly; "there's a magical sign on the front gate."

"A magical sign?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said with a grin; "it reads, 'Employment Agency.'"

One Turn of the Hand.

Bliffers—Who says women have no heads for business? There's a woman made fifty thousand dollars by simply turning her hand over.

Whiffers—Phew! How?

Bliffers—She turned it over to Mr. Bullion, and now she's Mrs. Bullion.

Railroad Cooking.

Traveler (in dining car, fast express)—Waiter, these eggs are too soft.

Waiter—S'prised to heah dat, sah.

Traveler—They were taken out of the hot water too soon.

Waiter—Well, sah, I'll put 'em back an' let 'em boil another mile, sah.

Wouldn't Risk It.

Higgins—My wife says if I die she'll never marry again.

Spriggins—Evidently she thinks there is no man in the world like you.

Higgins—On the contrary, she's afraid there is, and that she'd get him.

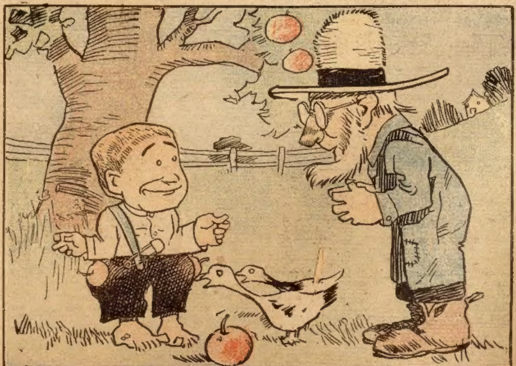
His Birthstone.

Miss Smith—What's yo' birf stone, Mr. Johnsing?

Mr. Johnsing—I fo'git, but it's red.

Miss Smith—I guess it's a brick bat.

UNJUST SUSPICION.



Farmer—Here, boy; what are you doing with my apple?

The Kid—I was just going to climb up dis tree to put back dis apple, w'ch, I see, has fallen down.

DARK SUSPICION.

He always gets uneasy when she meets
him at the door
And plants upon his lips a kiss and sweetly
looks him o'er.
Experience has taught him, though it hasn't
taught him much,
That when his wife's so loving she's preparing for a touch.

A Cure for Vanity.

Jinkers—That man is the most insufferable lump of conceit that ever trod the earth. I wish he could be elected President of the United States.

Winkers—You do? Why?

Jinkers—The newspapers would make him sick of himself.

What Did She Mean?

Mrs. Wise—I do hope you talked plainly to our daughter's husband.

Mr. Wise—Oh! I did. I told him he was a fool—a regular fool.

Mrs. Wise—How like you, Tom; how like you.

Wise Waiter.

Traveler—But, waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three.

Waiter—I know, sah, but I thought possibly one might fail.

Johnny's Watch.

Johnny's aunt gave him a bright and shiny dollar watch for his birthday, and the boy's satisfaction was unbounded. A couple of weeks later he remarked very dolefully that the watch was not keeping good time.

"It must be wound very carefully every night before you go to bed," his aunt told him.

"Oh, I never knew that," said the boy. "Now I s'pose I've just gone and ruined it."

"Why, when have you been winding it?"

"The first thing every morning," answered the boy sorrowfully.

SINFUL WASTE.

"Yes," said Col. Oldbeau, "I feel like fighting every time I see two good-looking women kiss each other."

"Why, colonel," queried Mrs. Peachly, "what makes you feel that way?"

"Oh, it's the result of my military education, I suppose," answered the colonel. "I never like to see good ammunition wasted."

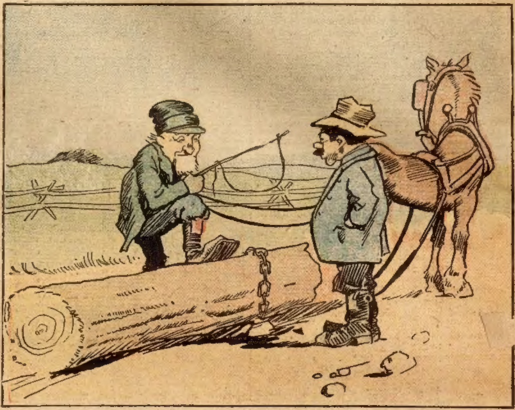
He Won His "Game."

At a dinner in New York the conversation turned on the merits of different kinds of game birds. One preferred wild ducks, another woodcock, and still another thought a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended together.

"Now," said one of the company to the colored waiter, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, sur, to tell the truf," replied the man, "almost any kind of bird suits me, but what I like bes' is an American eagle served on a silver dollar!"

KINDLY ACT.



Passer-By—So that hoss trader hez run off with that old maid aunt o' your'n what's been livin' up to your farm fur years past?

Si Chinwhiskers—Yep! I allus knew them hoss traders was good fellers at heart.

The Wrong Measure.

Employment Agent—Those are fine recommendations that gurl has, mum. Shall I send for her to come and talk with you?

Mrs. Bronston—Is she tall or short?

"Rather tall, mum; but——"

"Is she fat or thin?"

"Rather stout, mum; a good, strong——"

"Is she stouter than I am?"

"Oh, yes, mum, a good deal."

"She won't do. She'd split the seams of every dress I have."

His Future Assured.

"So he never bought you candy or flowers?"

"All he ever brought me was a bag of peanuts the night he proposed."

"I suppose you rejected him without a qualm?"

"Not entirely. It is something of a jolt to have to refuse a man who is so economical that he is just bound to become a millionaire."

Valuable Property.

"What do you think of this, Henry?" remarked Mrs. Peckem, looking up from the paper she was perusing. "A woman in Ohio has sued a railway company for $10,000 because of the loss of her thumb."

"Well," rejoined Peckem, "that isn't too much if it was the thumb she kept her husband under."

All Settled.

"Has that lawsuit between you and your neighbors been settled?"

"Yes, and so are the lawyers."

"How do you mean?"

"Settled on our farms."

NOT AT PRESENT PRICES.

Thirteen's unlucky—but when you get
Thirteen eggs for a dozen, alack!
Do you ever try the hoodoo to break
By giving the odd egg back?

Cold Storage.

Tom—I understand your friend Roundem married a girl with a million in cash.

Jack—Yes; but he complains there is no indication of a thaw.

Miss De Pink's Purchase.

Miss de Pink (who wants a little innocent powder for her complexion)—Have you any —er—infant powder?

Druggist's New Boy—We are just out, ma'am, but if you'll leave your address I'll get it to you today.

New Boy (a few hours later)—Does Miss de Pink live here?

Mr. Nicefellow—Yes, this is the house.

New Boy—Just goin' in, ain't you?

Mr. Nicefellow—Yes, my boy, I am going to make a call.

New Boy—Well, I'm in a hurry. Please give 'er this package. It's something for her baby.

Overlooked.

"Medicine manufacturers are now using every known root and bark," said the wise drug clerk.

"Well, I know of at least two roots and one bark they haven't used, so far," rejoined the horse doctor.

"What are they?" queried the d. c.

"Cube and square roots and the bark of a dog," answered the h. d.

Brief and Expressive.

"Our chief is witty," said the detective with the telegram.

"In what way?" asked the friend.

"Why, the criminal we were after was named Rich. The chief telegraphed three words that told all."

"What were they?"

" 'Get Rich Quick.' "

Up Against It.

Mrs. Jonings—It's raining, John, and Mrs. Smithkins wants to go home. I have no umbrella to lend her except my new $10 one. Can't I let her have yours?

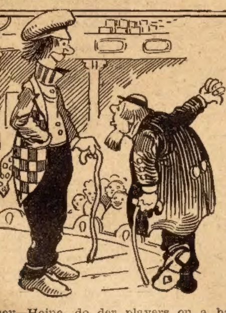
Jonings—I should say not! Why, the only umbrella I've got has her husband's name on the handle.

Inexpensive Change.

Mrs. Graspit—The doctor says I need a change of climate.

Graspit—Well, if the weather reports can be relied upon we'll have it within twenty-four hours.

The Vaudevillains.



Louey—Heine, do der players on a ball team keep flies as souvenirs?

Heine—Vot?

Louey—Vell, I vos reading dot during der Cubs' practice one of der boys spent most of his time wrapping up flies vor der players.

What He Had.

Privileged Friend—By the way, what did you operate on Gotrox for?

Eminent Surgeon—Twenty-five hundred dollars.

Privileged Friend—You don't understand me. I mean, what did he have?

Eminent Surgeon—He had $2,500.

An Unpopular View.

Howe—Hello, Wise, are you going to the circus?

Wise—Guess not, this year.

Howe—How's that?

Wise—My boy is big enough to crawl under the tent now.

Her Majesty Engaged.

Mrs. Struckile—Did you see Queen Alexandra when ye was in England?

Mrs. Gaswell—No; I called on 'er, but they told me she was engaged. It never occurred to me till then that it was washday.

Safe From Drowning.

Winter Visitor (in Frlorida)—I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?

Waterman—No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.

A Compromise.

"Did you get the diamond of the first water that your husband promised you?"

"I didn't get the diamond; I got nothing but the water."

A Budding Humorist.

Hobbs—Alas! I fear that boy of mine is going to be a newspaper humorist.

Dobbs—Why do you think so?

Hobbs—A school essay he wrote began, "The natives of Iceland are a cold and distant people."

What It Proved to Him.

The announcer arose in the sight-seeing auto.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just passed the Chinese quarter."

Old Uncle Weatherby nudged his wife.

"Ain't that fine, Mandy?" he chuckled. "I can't look nothing like as hayseedfied as when we first came or they'd surely tried to have passed that Chinese quarter on me."

Where He Goes Lame.

"That man," remarked the stranger within the gates, as a pompous-looking individual passed by, "is evidently a man of great importance."

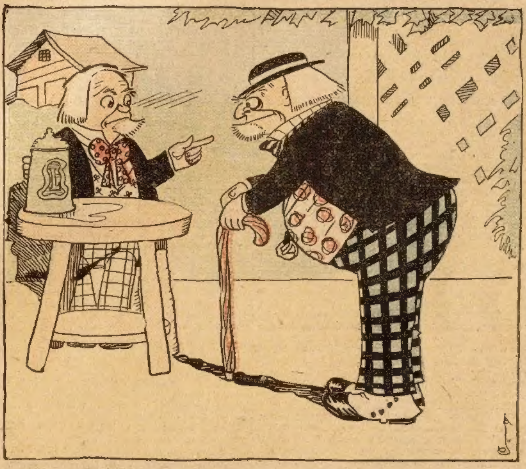
"He is," rejoined the landlord of the village inn," except when his wife and daughters give a party."

A Wise Maiden.

He—Would you rather be beautiful or clever?

She—Beautiful, I think. You see, there are lots of stupid men, but only a few blind ones.

VAUDEVILLE.



Louey—Did you hear vot der young lady in der box said about me? Vy, she said I had a face dot grows on vone.

Fritz—Thank gootness, ut didn't grow on me.

A Suitable Name.

The Eastern tourist had just landed in Reno, Nev. "I should think you would change the name of this town to Leisure," he suggested.

"Prithee, why?" asked the native.

"Well," explained the Eastern tourist, "I was just thinking of the old saying about marrying in haste."

A Railroad Needed.

"Wouldn't a railway increase the population of this village?" asked the enterprising person.

"Dunno's it would," replied the native. "It 'ud be a constant temptation to a lot of inhabitants to get away."

NO FLOWERS.

"I don't like your face," said the maid,
Who was heiress to money and lands;
So the only thing left for him to do
Was to bury his face in his hands.

WHAT HE MISSED.

When at the door Dame Fortune knocked,
He answered not, but kept quite still.
Thus Opportunity was blocked—
He thought 'twas some man with a bill.

In His Case.

"To what do you attribute the high cost of living?"

"Well, at my house it is my wife's relatives."

GENTLE SOULS.

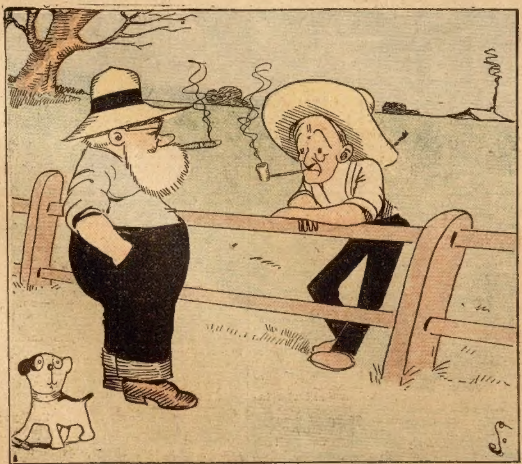
"I feel in my bones," said Cora,
"That I shall become an old maid."
"But not in your wishbone!" said Dora—
Now they don't speak on parade.

Something to Boast Of.

First Artist—The artists of past centuries could beat us to a frazzle painting pictures.

Second Artist—Yes, that's right—but look at our frames.

THE HERO.

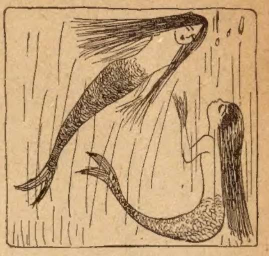


Rich Neighbor—Yep, Josh, the poor man is the happy one. My prope'ty takes away frum me all the pleasure o' suthin' to work fer.

Poor One—Well, Henry, why don't ye jest deed most o' yer prop'ty t' me an' enjoy yerself, ag'in?

Rich Neighbor—N-no, sir! I ain't that selfish!

Oysters.



Winnie Waters—I saw a real nobleman on one of those transatlantic liners the other day.

Salty Sal—Yes, I noticed the bottles in the wake of his steamer.

His Suggestion.

His Wife—John, we ought to have a new cover for the piano. Can't you suggest something?

Her Husband—Sure. I'll have a contractor come up this afternoon and cover it with cement.

A Sign.

Seymour—I wonder whether the Tiddlebys have been happy since their marriage?

Ashley—Well, they've been having a good deal of company, and that looks suspicious.

Seymour—I don't see why.

Ashley—Doesn't misery love company?

Different Place.

"Did he face his illness with a good heart?"

"Yes; it was his liver that bothered him."

AGENTS WANTED

EASY WORK-GOOD PAY
Make big money in your own town $75.00 to $150.00 a month easily earned. No experience or money necessary. We back you with our capital and teach you the business. Elegant line of samples free.
PANTS $2.50 up SUITS $9.00 up Express Prepaid
Every garment made to measure in latest city style—fit and workmanship guaranteed. One hustling agent wanted in every town. Exclusive territory. Write for agent's outfit—FREE.
THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 125 Harrison Street, Chicago

AGENTS 500% profit selling Novelty Signs to merchants. Samples Free. E. Zaun, Jr., Des Moines, Ia.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS Pillow Tops, Solar Prints, Bromides, latest finish in Portraits, Emerline. All styles of large portraits: finest work, lowest prices. Samples free. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures 1 cent, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4155, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS. Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Bldg., St.Louis,Mo.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary, as we will give complete instructions. Morotock Tobacco Works, Box B 11, Danville, Va.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves, any time, if you use MAGIC FISH LURE. Best fish bait ever discovered. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. J. F. Gregory, Dept. 45 St. Louis, Mo

AGENTS WANTED. Make $10 to $20 per day selling Solar Self-Heating Flat Irons. Best agents' proposition out. Sells everywhere. Complete Demonstrator $5.60. Write today. CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT Co., 106 S. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS---$2 Per Hour and over, positively being made with the LUMO GUARANTEED KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP, by more than 1000 "live wire" men and women agents in our big organization. An article needed in millions of homes. If you mean business—want to earn big money, quick—address, at once JOHN S. NOEL CO., 413 Bowyer Block, CHICAGO

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS
PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.
Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

AGENTS 134% Profit
Patented Safety Hold-Back
Write For Free Sample
New Agents' Proposition. Every owner of a vehicle buys. Saves time in hitching and unhitching. Insures safety in accidents—runaways—collisions. Just out. Thousands being sold. We absolutely control the sale of this wonderful seller. $3.50 to $7 a day profit. L. THOMAS MFG. CO., 4117 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

MAKE MONEY EASY.
Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.)
Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

1 Full Quart
WHISKEY FREE

Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses and while we feel sure that our Fels 3-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be, and above all has **real whiskey** strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free, we would be flooded with requests by unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do; nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Here is our offer:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, for $5.45, express prepaid. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you may return the remaining 8 bottles to us, keep the extra free bottle and we will immediately return your $5.45.

Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price return to us the 4 bottles, keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges; look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak, watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition, that will prove more than we can write. Make remittances payable to A. Fels, Sec., or

FELS DISTILLING CO.
130 Fels Building, Kansas City, Mo.

A Secret for Women Will be found in our catalog of Toilet and necessary articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, J, 60 Wabash, Chicago

YOUR FUTURE TOLD
by the stars. Wonderful revelations. Send birthdate, six questions and four 2c stamps. Prof. A. GRAY, 1908 Warren Ave., Chicago

ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT
Magnetic Dip Needles for Miners and treasure seekers (guaranteed). Sold and rented. Circular, 1 cent; sealed, 2 cents. STAR MFG. CO., Dept. 6 Kalamazoo, Michigan.

THE THOMAS AGENT

Send for Free Copy
of Greatest, Brightest, Liveliest, Most Inspiring Agents' Paper in the World. Brimful of Valuable Information.
Every agent in the United States should keep posted on License Tax decisions, latest money making plans, new inventions and best sellers. *Write for Copy Today.*
THOMAS MFG. CO., 3917 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

STEM WIND

EARN Watch, Ring and Chain
SELLING POST CARDS
We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and fiery, for selling 20 packages beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages, when sold send $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain.
Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 401, CHICAGO

PATENTS PRODUCE FORTUNES
PRIZES for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to inventors." "Why some inventors fail." Book on patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office. GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

$33 Profit in One Day
made by a man who earned $1174 in 111 days. Ask for proof.
Free Book
Automatic Photo Button Machine and Complete Outfit $25
including 400 plates, frames, etc. Finished photo buttons sell readily at 10c and 15c each, cost only 2c. Start a rapid fire, outdoor, money-making business. Camera takes, develops and finishes picture, ready to wear in 30 seconds. A big money-maker at parks, carnivals, fairs and outdoor celebrations. Can be set up in 20 seconds ready to operate. No experience necessary; complete instructions with each outfit. Easy to move with the crowd. Weighs 4 pounds. Will ship upon deposit of $5.00, balance C. O. D.
SCHNADIG SALES AGENCY, 206 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

YOUR HEART
Does it **Flutter, Palpitate** or **Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain** in left side, **Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets,** the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963** Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by del Write at once.

Detective Keeneyes' Solution;

Or, The Mystery of the Deserted House

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 20, May 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.

ROMANCE AND ANGER.

EDGAR could not but smile at the young lady. She was so pretty and quaint with her blonde hair, her sparkling blue eyes, her perfect little teeth. And it was so surprising that he should find her in the deserted house!

Where could she have been all the time of his various explorations?

And, being in the storeroom, why had not Ballinger discovered her there?

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your courteous invitation," said Edgar, "for I am very hungry. It is now past the noon hour, and I have had nothing since yesterday evening."

"In that case do come in," said the young lady.

"The fact is," said Edgar, "I was just about to do so."

"I had locked the door," she murmured.

"And, not knowing you were within," said Edgar, "I was just upon the point of breaking it down."

"So I gathered. You see it is unnecessary. What will you have? There is a very goodly variety here of canned goods."

"Thank you. I believe I will open this can of Boston baked beans, also these French sardines, and this can of salmon, and these peaches, and also these apricots. Ah, and here is salad dressing, which would go capitally on some of these French peas. Is that vinegar? In that case I will also open a can of tomatoes. But for a first course, here is a can of oysters, on which this catsup ought to go excellently."

"I believe in this way we might make a very good luncheon," said the young lady; "and, as I have not eaten a bite since this day one week ago, except what I have nibbled on this cheese and crackers——"

"What! You have fasted for an entire week?"

"This is the eighth day," she said, calmly.

"You have not eaten anything for eight days?" he ejaculated.

"Not until this very moment. So I shall be very glad when you open the cans, for I am not very expert with the can-opener."

"I cannot understand," said Edgar in amazement. However, he did not let his wonder prevent him from hurriedly falling to work upon the various cans.

"There are no spoons or forks," he complained.

"No matter," she answered, "just open two cans of each article of food, and we can surround ourselves with a complete complement of viands. I will manage somehow, if you do not watch me too closely," she laughed light-heartedly.

As he worked in perplexed silence, she presently resumed: "How expeditious you are!"

"I have often done this over in the Philippines," he explained. "I was a volunteer during the war with Spain. But I did not have such charming company over there. It was nothing but a set of homesick boys, lying about the campfires. How often we have opened up our beef—but it was not so delicious as this, by any means!"

"Let me see," said the young lady, "if I have everything that is coming to me—peas, tomatoes, dried beef, baked beans, peaches, apricots, salmon, sardines, oysters—very good, but why not open up a can of stewed corn?"

"I will do so."

"It will be quite a feast," she laughed, as she watched him.

"Do you know," murmured Edgar, "at first, I fancied you must be Miss Richards; but now that I see that you cannot be, I am greatly at a loss. My name is Beame."

"And you are certainly shining brightly for my benefit," she observed; "but what makes you think I am not Miss Richards?"

Edgar answered her smile frankly. "You are too jolly," he declared.

"Too jolly to suit your idea of what a young lady should be, do you mean?"

"No, no; too jolly for a young lady whose father has just been murdered."

"Certainly," she said, gravely, "it does seem that the circumstance you mention warrants at least a sober demeanor. Is that what you mean?"

"It is."

"Nevertheless, I am Miss Richards, and Miss Richards with a very good appetite, I assure you."

"Not Miss Lena Richards?"

"Yes, the very same, Mr. Beame. And in good spirits, I assure you."

Edgar could only look at her in accusing silence. Her levity, under any other circumstances would have proved delicious. But now, he found it atrocious.

"Mr. Beame," she said directly, "did you ever have a father murdered?"

"Certainly not. My father is alive and well."

"In that case, you cannot know how you would act or how you would feel, should your father be murdered."

"Yes, I know perfectly well how I should feel, and how I should act."

"Suppose he was a stepfather?" she inquired persuasively.

"I do not understand. If he was man for whom I had the least respect——"

"But, wait, Mr. Beame, I had not finished. Suppose he was a man who was not at all murdered?"

"Not at all murdered?"

"Not in the least particular."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Richards was not murdered? But I have heard as good as a confession of his murder."

She laughed. "From whom? Mr. Ballinger?"

"No, from John Gradge."

Her smile vanis face

She turned upon him with flashing eyes. "It is false!" she cried, excitedly.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROMANCE AND SMILES.

It was disconcerting to have the young lady's face change from smiles and good humor to anger and indignation.

But it was still worse to have the young lady declare his words false.

She repeated her words energetically; "It is false!' she cried.

Edgar drew himself up haughtily.

"What is false?"

She answered, her eyes still flashing, "It it false that John Gradge killed Mr. Richards, or anybody else."

"That may be," said Edgar, coldly.

"You admit that you have spoken falsely?"

"Not at all."

"But you say that it may be that this accusation is false."

"Oh, certainly, it may be false."

"Please explain yourself."

"It may be false," said Edgar, "but it is no falsehood of mine. I have merely told you what has been told me."

"And by whom?"

"By the father of the suspected young man."

"The father?"

"Yes, the older Mr. John Gradge."

"You have met him, then?"

"I have met him, most decidedly," Edgar answered. "I had a long conversation with him; much longer than suited me, I assure you."

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me that his son John threatened to kill your father and throw his body in the Cascade River, and that he supposed he had done so."

The young lady stared at the young man aghast. "And is that ALL he told you?"

"No, he told me that he himself was a housebreaker and a thief."

"Indeed?"

"And that he had once stolen a horse and had often robbed hens' roosts."

"And why did he impart this precious information?"

"It was purely voluntary on his part," said Edgar, stiffly, "I did not invite his confidences. He seemed to enjoy telling me of his degradation."

"And it was Mr. John Gradge who told you all this?"

"It was, and in this very house, and not very long ago."

The young lady threw back her head and laughed long and musically.

As Edgar knew not what to make of this and as he was still very hungry, he began to eat with dispatch.

"You are right," said Miss Richards. "Let us eat, for I must soon leave you." And she, too, began to eat.

Presently she paused, to laugh again. "But it is so very funny!" she cried. "It was so shrewd. I declare to you, Mr. Beame, my respect for him has risen in spite of myself, he is so exceedingly adroit."

"Do you mean Ballinger?" he asked, resentfully. "Ballinger did not tell me a word of what I have told you."

"I suppose not; but he had you repeat it to the mob, did he not?"

"And they believed what you told them?"

"Certainly."

"Then what are they going to do?"

"They set off with all possible speed to overtake or capture this young man—whose very father admits his guilt—at Sharphope."

"Really, Mr. Beame," said the young lady, with more seriousness, "you are of vital assistance to us. I thank you most sincerely."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that instead of going to Sharphope, Mr. Gradge must escape in some other direction. I dare not tell you more, for you are so frank you would naturally tell Mr. Ballinger whatever I might tell you."

Edgar did not reply.

"You understand?" she asked quietly, as she continued to eat.

"Not in the least."

"I am very glad of that," said Miss Richards.

"And why so, Miss Richards?"

"Mr. Beame, I am about to ask a favor of you."

"Oh, ask me more than one," he cried, with light irony.

She smiled again. "Only one," she declared.

Her smile was so winning that he relented. "Well?"

"I am about to leave you," she said.

"Do you mean that you are about to employ a vanishing liquid?"

She looked at him in surprise, and he divined that she was ignorant of the allusion. "Pray ask the service before you disappear," he added, hastily.

"Please do not follow me," she said.

"Certainly not. This is farewell, forever."

"And when Mr. Ballinger returns, I suppose he will find you here, will he not?"

"I am thinking of dwelling here permanently," said Edgar with a bow, "for I find the prospect delightful in its variety and mysterious charm."

She laughed again, then continued, "When you meet Mr. Ballinger, will you kindly present to him my compliments, and tell him that I am excessively cast down over the murder of my stepfather?"

"I shall be sure to tell him that you are bearing up well."

"Do so. And tell him that, as I will, no doubt, in a very short time be a member of the Gradge family, he need be uneasy no longer about me, since I shall evidently always be well supplied with chickens and horses."

"I shall bear him that very message," said Edgar, bowing politely.

"Tell him, will you not—but I know you will do so with pleasure; tell him that I am

ued on page eleven.)

HARD ON CHILDREN

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Among the Missing.

The aspiring author was wandering about outside the somber gray walls of the prison when a happy-go-lucky inmate appeared at the barred window and asked him what he was searching for.

"I'm after local color," explained the author.

"Local color?" echoed the prisoner with a grin.

"Yes, in other words I am about to write a book on prison life and I am around here looking for characters."

The prisoner shook his head humorously. "Bad place to find characters around here," he confided.

"You think so?" interrogated the author in surprise. "And why?"

"Because everybody around here has lost his. That's why we are here, pard."

A Chance to Make Money.

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Illogical.

Ritter—I don't see how Blanker and his wife could have married for love.

Salmo—Oh, they didn't marry for love; they married because they pitied each other.

Ritter—Pitied each other? Why, if they had any real pity for each other they would never have thought of marrying.

Another Big Land Opening.

News has been received that the Yakima Indian Reservation, consisting of 1,200,000 acres, will soon be thrown open to the people free of charge. The editor knows that this land is right in the center of one of the greatest fruit districts in the United States, and every reader of the paper should write in for information about this wonderful country and the country's great gift to the people. Drop a line, enclosing stamp for reply, to the Reservation Information Bureau, U. S. Postoffice Bldg., North Yakima, Wash.

Strenuous Opposition.

"After all," remarked the bewhiskered old farmer to the audience in the village store, "honesty is the best policy."

"Don't you believe it," said the insurance agent from the adjoining town, who was busy holding down a cracker barrel. "Our company's new policy has honesty fricasseed to a frazzle."

The Honest Proprietary Medicine

fills a national need in the land and it will take more than the cry of "fraud" and "fake" from the avaricious, over-reaching physician to overthrow an honest, reliable and standard preparation like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from the roots and herbs of the field, and has cured more women of female ills than any other remedy we know of.

Clipped for Reference.

"I say, old chap," said the first humorist, who occasionally gets some of his work in print, "that was a clever joke of yours in Blank's magazine this month. I wish I had written it."

"Well, don't worry because you didn't," replied the other. "You probably will write it some day."

Advice to Eye Sufferers.

If your eyes are weak, strained or diseased in any way, don't neglect them, but sit down and write all about their condition to Dr. W. O. Coffee, the famous Des Moines, Iowa, specialist. He will prepare and send you prepaid, a course of his home absorption remedies for you to try at his risk for 15 days.

One on the Hatter.

"Yes," remarked the wholesale hatter, "the panama has been somewhat neglected for the last few years, but this summer it will make itself felt."

"Then there won't be much sale for it," laughed the witty customer.

"Why not?"

"Because who wants to wear a felt hat in the summer time?"

(Continued from page ten.)

eager to exchange a murdered stepfather for a skillful father-in-law."

CHAPTER XXII.

A SOFT FAREWELL.

Edgar Beame looked at the young lady with great admiration.

Not that he in the least understood her.

Perhaps on account of not understanding her his admiration was the more lively.

For some time not another word was spoken.

Both ate with hearty good will.

At last Edgar looked up. "Do you know," he said, "I fancy that if you and I had known each other longer, we should have been excellent friends?"

"I think so myself," murmured Miss Richards.

"It saddens me," he observed, "to find that I have come upon [illegible] at the very close of its history, so to speak. I presume there is [illegible] to prevent your marriage with this young John Gradge?"

"I fear it is inevitable," smiled the young lady.

"After the exceedingly ugly report I have given you of him and of his father I can imagine nothing that would prevent the wedding," he added.

"Nor [illegible] I," said the young lady.

"At the same time," said Edgar, "I am quite aware that you do not believe the [illegible]."

"Oh, not a word of them, not a single word, I assure you."

"And yet it was the young man's father from whom I had everything."

"So you told me before."

"And I assure you most solemnly that I have repeated the conversation exactly as it took place."

"Mr. Beame, I do not for an instant doubt your word. Not for an instant. Your face is too open and your voice too sincere to allow me to doubt."

"Yet, you will marry this young man, whose father declares him the slayer of your stepfather?"

"As soon as possible."

Edgar laughed. "Upon my word, I do not understand all this," he cried. "But I believe you think that you do."

"I do, indeed, entertain that suspicion," she said, and finished her repast.

Both left the table.

"It was behind that very table," said Edgar, "that I first saw the older John Gradge. He was crouching there, in order, as he told me, to steal."

"But, how could you see him if he was behind the table?"

"The boxes were not quite long enough to conceal him entirely," said Edgar, "and through [illegible] of it, I saw projecting beyond the edge of that box of crackers, one of his—er——"

"[illegible], one of his hands stuck out, in sight."

"No, in fact, but [illegible] of his [illegible]."

"Why should we call it one of his hands if it was not his hand? Was it one of his boots, perhaps?"

"He was barefooted."

"One of his feet, you mean, was in view?"

"A toe," said Edgar, "only a toe."

The young lady laughed.

"Fancy that!" she cried. "You knew him by that toe?"

"Of course not, but afterwards he told me it was his."

"Mr. [illegible] told you?"

"No, no, Mr. Gradge, the self-confessed thief."

"Exactly so," she answered smiling pleasantly. "And now I will leave you. Will you be so good as not to try to discover in what direction I go."

"Suppose I sit upon the front porch and try to remember the contents of the torn letter whose fragments you must have found upon the ground."

"I wish you would do so. And, since I found no torn letter, it will naturally take you a good while to remember it. At the sound of galloping horses you may consider your waiting upon the porch at an end. Good-by."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TENDER REGRETS.

"Good-by," responded the young man.

The young lady paused at the door of the storeroom.

Then she held out her hand.

"Really, we are much indebted to you," she said. "Let us shake hands."

"Thank you," said Edgar, who really liked this strange creature of mystery. "But whom do you mean by your word, 'We'?"

"Oh, young Mr. John and I, of course."

And she blushed right prettily.

Edgar laughed, still understanding very little of the whole affair.

But they shook hands warmly.

Then Edgar gallantly marched to the front porch, and seated himself upon the top step.

He waited a long time.

Suddenly the air was disturbed by quick [illegible] sounds.

They came from a distance.

It was the sound of galloping hoofs.

As Edgar listened intently, he was able to distinguish the rapid retreat of two horses.

Perhaps John Gradge had led one, as he rode another; Lena Richards might have mounted the led horse; and both might be hurrying to some other railroad station than Sharphope, in order to flee to Chicago. All this was possible; nothing, however, was certain, except that Edgar sat upon the top step of the front porch, bewildered.

When the last sound had vanished, he still sat there, as if turned to stone. He was thinking over the events that had come to pass since his arrival at the deserted house. When he rose, with a sigh, he had been unable to come to any definite conclusion.

At first he thought he would remain in the deserted house until the return of Ballinger.

But, somehow, since Miss Richards had gone, he had lost complete interest in the mystery.

How very strange that was.

Before meeting Lena Richards the house had possessed for him a peculiar fascination.

But, after listening for some time to the musical voice of Lena, who was, after all, a complete stranger, and after gazing into her [illegible] face all that had before interested him, ceased to interest.

"No," he said aloud, "I will go back to Sharphope. I never care to see this house again."

If a strange voice had suddenly answered him, commanding him to remain, he would not have thought it very strange, after all that had happened.

But complete silence had taken possession of the deserted house.

"I will revisit every room in the house," he thought, "and if I find nothing new, I will set out at once for my hotel."

There was no need to re-enter the storeroom, since he had just left it. Besides the storeroom seemed doubly deserted since Lena Richards had permeated its atmosphere with her feminine personality.

He went into the room on the right, and now the three watch dogs made not the slightest opposition to his ascending the stairs. Upstairs all was cheerless and deserted.

He came down without having discovered anything.

He spoke a friendly farewell to the dogs, then went to the rear bedroom.

In this room he found one alteration, and only one.

The suit of [illegible] clothes had vanished.

"Had they been cast into the kitchen?"

He hurried into the kitchen.

No, the garments were not there, nor were they to be found in the house.

"That thief stole them, of course," Edgar reflected; "well, he needed them badly."

Then he added, "And the son of that thief is to marry [illegible] Miss Richards!"

He sighed.

"Ah, well," he muttered, "it is strange how the luck of this world is portioned out to the least worthy."

He had now revisited everything. He went to the front door to take his departure.

"No. I will go out through the hall window," he said aloud, "since it is by that means I first entered this nest of mystery."

He climbed out the window, though the front door stood wide open.

This romantic notion on his part was matched by a new movement.

Going to the top step, he seated himself upon it, and for some time remained lost in reverie.

At last he rose and departed from the house, saying to himself, "I do not suppose I shall ever marry."

In due time Edgar Beame reached his hotel at Sharphope.

The next day a guide conducted him to his own land, which he found to be a part of the unbroken wilderness. He learned that the mob had not succeeded in finding young John Gradge.

The next day he left that part of the country, and returned to his ordinary business routine in the teeming city.

It may have been that, had he not met Lena Richards in the deserted house he would presently have forgotten all about the mystery.

But, as we have seen, he had met her; and he found it impossible to forget. The mystery seemed to haunt him, and, after the lapse of six months, it was still as baffling to him as at the very first day.

One day at his club Edgar Beame was invited to dine at a table by one of his friends named Brown, and, as it happened, this Brown had in his company a stranger whom he introduced as Mr. Richard Zellers.

Not only young Brown, but even Zellers himself, seemed to expect Edgar Beame to be rather impressed at the sound of his name. However, as Edgar had never heard of Zellers, he treated him as any other guest.

Seeing this, Brown volunteered the information that Zellers was a retired detective who had long been known, wherever civilization has extended, by the name of 'Keeneyes.'

Edgar, who had positively no acquaintance with detectives or police officers, concealed his blank state of mind over this portentous announcement and remarked that if he had been blessed with the company of Mr. Zellers on a certain occasion——"

"On what occasion?" asked Richard Zellers. The soup had just been brought on, and E[illegible], in anticipation of a good dinner, and a skilled listener, settled himself luxuriously in his chair, and said:

"About six months ago."

"Ah!" said the man known around the world as Keeneyes. "You refer to a certain occasion. Pray, describe it to us, and I will give you a solution to any mystery you please."

CHAPTER XXIII.

KEENEYES BEGINS.

"That is rather a large promise," said Edgar, smiling.

"Oh, yes," said Keeneyes, "but great men should not make small promises. Where were you six months ago?"

"I went down to the Ozarks to look at a piece of property I had bought without seeing. The station is Sharphope—a mere village. I went out alone into the wilderness, got lost, and came to a deserted house."

"What do you call a deserted house?" Keeneyes inquired.

"Why one in which nobody lives, of course."

"Then you found nobody in this house?"

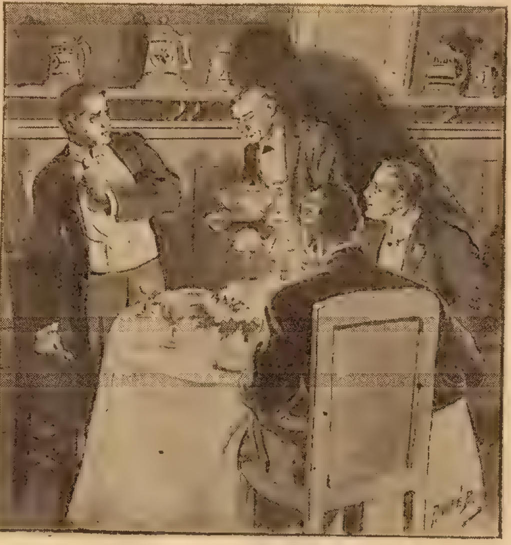
"Oh, yes."

"How many?"

"To say nothing of the three dogs——"

"But I beg you to say a good deal about these three dogs," Keeneyes interposed. "How large were they, and what breed were they, and what were they doing, and whom did they belong to, and how did they receive you? More, were they alike, and if not how did they differ? Were they hungry, and if not, how had they been fed in this deserted house? Were they thirsty, and if not, does a stream flow through this deserted house? Upon my word, Mr. Beame, I find these dogs immensely interesting."

(Continued on page fifteen.)



"Sir!"

Cook in Comfort You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives **no outside heat.** All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking — none in outside heating.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is **no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.**

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

Traveling Positions With GOOD SALARIES

Are secured by our graduates. Hundreds of positions open. Instruction given on a basis of satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. You owe it to yourself to investigate what we have done for others and can do for you. A post card brings full particulars

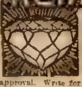
School of Successful Salesmanship
15 [illegible] St., Boston, Mass.

Morphine
16-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE ON APPROVAL

A full 30-day treatment. Convincing proof that MANINE will permanently cure any drug habit. Guaranteed to contain no habit forming drug. Try it at our risk—you to be the sole judge. Address

Manine Co. 127 Manine Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

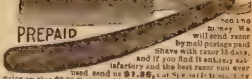
Remoh Gems



Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. Set only in solid gold mountings. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog. It is free.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 421 N. Broadway, St. Louis

TRY This $3 Dorchester Razor Free



Send no money. We will send razor by mail postage paid. Shave with razor 15 days, and if you find it entirely satisfactory and the best razor you ever used send us $1.85, our Special introductory price on this $3.00 Razor and it is yours. If not satisfied [illegible] **THE BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.** Do not fail to take advantage of this Special Introductory Offer. **DORCHESTER & CO., D15, Temple Court Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.**

A FIXED STYLE.

The rough goods come
  And smooth goods go,
While stripes and plaids
  Each have a show.
But summer and fall,
  Winter and spring,
My wife declares
  Checks are the thing.

RIEGER'S
Pure Monogram
WHISKEY

RIEGER'S
Monogram
Whiskey
J.RIEGER&CO.

Send For Free Price List

Express Prepaid

4 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine **$3.00**

8 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock **$5.00**

FREE two sample bottles, gilted glass and cork-screw with every order.

Over 1[illegible] customers appreciate our whiskey and acknowledge that it is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equaled. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.

J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and [illegible] to travel and distribute samples; big manu- [illegible]

ROOSEVELT'S Marvelous Career and African Trip. Authentic, low-priced book. Liberal terms. Outfit free. Remarkably easy seller. Many agents making $10.00 a day. Act quickly. UNIVERSAL HOUSE, 352 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. FREE
F. & H. AGENCY, 10 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 33, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will cut this advertisement out and send it to us with 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to 6 of your friends. D-85, New Ideas Card Co., 233 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

CACHOO! Make the whole family and all your friends "just sneeze their heads off" without knowing why, with Cachoo, the new long distance harmless snuff. Sent anywhere for 10c. Cat'g included FREE. C. T. & N. CO., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

CAMERA & COMPLETE OUTFIT 25c

Takes pictures 1¼ x 1¼" "the gem" Leatherette covered Camera and complete outfit of plates, paper, chemicals, etc., together with full instructions so simple that a boy or girl can take photos of landscapes, buildings, etc. All mailed for only 25c (silver or M. O.) or 3 for 60c. CAMERA SUPPLY CO. DEPT. D, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

FITS

I have cured patients who had Fits since childhood. Write me in confidence a full history of your case and I will send a Free Trial Treatment of my unfailing remedies, express prepaid. Dr F. Harvey Roof, 1045 Downing Bldg, New York

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue **Free** by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.
DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY, 1107 Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

BASE-BALL UNIFORMS

Made up right and delivered on time. *Fit guaranteed.*
LOWEST PRICES TO CLUBS
Catalog and 100 samples free; order from mfrs. and save money.
WESTERN UNIFORM CO.
224 Clark St. CHICAGO

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN GIVEN FOR SELLING THIMBLES AND NEEDLES

A genuine American movement Watch, beautiful designed case, fully Warranted timekeeper also sparkling Set or Plain Ring, given to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 Thimbles at 10c each and paper Needles FREE with each Thimble. Easy to sell. When sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send the beautiful Watch and Ring, Chain for quick work.
HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 80, CHICAGO.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Business Down to Date.

"Good morning, madam," said the agent, as the woman opened the door in answer to his ring. "I am introducing a patented copper-riveted, noncorrosive mouse trap, warranted to —"

"I'm very sorry, sir," interrupted the woman, "but we haven't a mouse about the premises."

"That can be easily remedied, madam," continued the agent. "As a special inducement our firm gives a dozen mice absolutely free with each trap sold. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded."

12 FULL QUART BOTTLES $4.75
Straight Kentucky Whiskey

Regular Prices — Bottled Goods
Express Prepaid
On Following Goods Only

4 full quart bottles Sunny Brook Whiskey, bottled in bond, $4.00.

4 Full Quart Bottles Guckenheimer Bottled in Bond Whiskey $4.00. 4 Full Quart Bottles, 100-Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey, $3.00.

2 Full One Gallon BOTTLES STRAIGHT WHISKEY 2 Gallons $2.90

Following Goods Shipped F. O. B., St. Louis

50 Full Pint Bottles Family Trade Whiskey, $10.00. 100 Full Half Pint Bottles Family Trade Whiskey, $12.00.

Money back if goods are not satisfactory, remit to Jerome Endler, Mgr., or
Pure Food Distilling Company,
Department 8-S St. Louis, Mo.

BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

The Young Fur Takers;

Or, Traps and Trails in the Wilderness

By St. George Rathborne

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 22, May 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication

CHAPTER V.

WORK IN THE SWAMP

WHEN Caleb started out on the following morning he carried a dozen of the No. 0 Newhouse steel traps with him, some of which had done loyal duty before in this very region, when Uncle Abner took furs along the creek and in the big swamp

He also wore high rubber boots, carried his rifle along, and had a bite of lunch in his pocket, looking to a possible all-day job.

There were signs that led him to believe the fine weather might take a turn for the worse presently, and as they had talked this matter over during their breakfast Anson remained at the camp to chop a supply of wood, which could be stored away and kept for an emergency.

During the winter there would frequently come times when it might be difficult to get wood, and a reserve supply would come in handy.

As a usual thing Anson, not caring to always hunt, meant to take upon himself the care of the fire, since his chum would find handling the traps and preparing the furs about all he could do, besides his share of camp work.

Before starting out Caleb had sought to get all the information possible from the boy who had been there, as to the location and appearance of the camp.

He had been in such places before, and knew what they looked like; but it was different now when he had business with the keen-scented rats that burrowed under the banks and driftwood.

It was not the intention of the young trapper to disturb the little colony of beaver as yet, for he wished to have a chance to observe their labors, never before having been in the vicinity of such clever animals.

When the time seemed ripe no doubt they would have to pay toll also to that ambition for an education that possessed him; for with a trapper such a thing as pity cannot be allowed, though he may dislike to cause unnecessary pain while following his vocation.

Of course the simplest way of reaching the swamp would be by following up the creek, since this was the natural outlet of the morass; later on when they became more familiar with the country doubtless they would be able to take a short cut across lots that might save considerable walking; but Caleb did not care to assume any chances of getting lost at this early stage of the game.

Besides, he wanted to see what the country was like close to the stream.

He was careful never to step near the top of the bank, remembering how he had set his preliminary traps the day before, and that while mink seldom move around during ing the daytime, still sharp eyes and sharper ears might detect his presence, and injure the chances of success later on.

With this in his mind he determined to find a way back home without using the stream at all; and Anson must be warned to avoid that region all he possibly could in the future

After a very interesting walk Caleb arrived at the foot of the swamp.

He approached very softly, desirous of surprising Mr. Beaver at work; and the first sound he heard was a violent whack! whack! as of a board being slapped on the surface of the water.

Then he knew that he had failed to count on the wind, and that the shrewd little woodcutters had scented his presence, the flap of a tail being the signal for disappearing; and not a beaver was in sight when he looked out from the thicket he was using as a shelter in approaching

"Better luck next time," said Caleb, smiling at his defeat; and then after a glance at the fresh evidence of work upon a tree that had evidently been felled across the creek the previous night, and which the beaver were cutting into several lengths, he passed on.

Now he began to wade, which was the main idea of his donning rubber boots.

Like all other fur-bearing animals the muskrat is keen of scent, and suspicious of mankind

In trapping him the best way is to use a boat if possible, and next to that don rubber boots and keep in the water, which leaves no trail

Caleb had learned from his chum that it would be impossible to get around in the swamp where the rats were with even a light canoe; and besides, such a cranky craft is not fitted to work from, a flat-bottomed skiff being necessary, or at least one that is stanch and steady

After getting some little distance away from the quarters of the broadtails Caleb believed it was time he started in business, so he began to keep a smart lookout for signs of the first muskrat burrow.

This animal cannot live under the water beyond a limited number of minutes, and yet the entrance to their burrows, for cunning purposes, is invariably just below the surface

It is best to set the trap just within the entrance of the burrow, fastening the end of the chain as far in the water as it will go.

The object of this is obvious, when it is understood that if a muskrat is caught in a trap on dry land he will invariably gnaw his foot off unless quickly bagged; and in this case he is drowned, thus preventing escape, or frightening other animals by his cries

If it is impossible to find their burrows, as sometimes happens, the shrewd trapper has a method for circumventing his wily game, one which has been successful in thousands of cases.

He plants his trap about seven or eight inches from the bank in a place which he has reason to believe the rats frequent, and secures the chain in deep water; but the trap itself must not be more than three inches below the surface, since it is designed to have the furry quarry stand erect, and place his hind feet in the fatal circle, setting off the trigger by his weight

A stick is thrust firmly into the mud alongside the trap, with the top projecting about half a foot above the surface; then on this secure tightly part of an ear of corn, half an apple or a carrot, to serve as an attraction; and if you have it, touch the same with a little muskrat bait, which will be apt to draw attention to the feast prepared.

In four cases out of five you will find your trap occupied in the morning, if these directions have been carefully carried out, no human scent left, and there are muskrats in the vicinity.

Caleb knew all about this thing, for he had caught these animals before, and the copious notes of Uncle Ab gave him such points as he might have skipped in his own practical experience.

He soon had half a dozen of the traps put out, and was making famous progress when the sun reached its highest point for the day

Feeling a bit hungry he sat down upon the bank and munched the "snack" he had had the forethought to thrust into his coat pocket before starting.

It tasted mighty good, and he finished it to the last crumb.

Just as he was about to get up and enter the water again, for he had a few more traps to place, he saw a ripple out upon the swamp and realized that some animal was swimming toward the stick upon which he had, half an hour previously, stuck an attractive carrot, with a dash of the strong scent purchased from the fur house in St. Louis.

Caleb kept as still as a mouse and watched, realizing that here was an unexpected chance to see how the scheme worked

Evidently the denizens of the swamp were rather unsophisticated—there had not been a human being around for so long that they knew little or nothing about the clever devices used to entrap their species; and this fellow, having his nose in the air, as he poked out of his burrow somewhere near, had caught the attractive odor from the scented carrot, and was making a bee-line in that direction in order to investigate

Poor chap, he found out speedily enough; and Caleb felt a twinge of remorse in his heart as he saw the muskrat stand upright on his hind legs and endeavor to reach the alluring bait with his front paws

He was not the first victim to appetite by a good deal.

There was instantly a commotion in the water, for undoubtedly the trap had been sprung by the sudden pressure from his hind feet.

Caleb leaped to his feet in some excitement, realizing that he would now see whether his work could pass muster; and standing there he was a witness to the drowning of the furry swamp citizen

When the tragedy was complete he waded in and secured the muskrat, knocking him over the head to make sure that life was extinct; after which he set the trap again, positive that he would find another victim when he came in the morning, for the swamp was fairly alive with the species.

Even such a little thing as this gave him encouragement

He crushed the feeling of resentment that strove to arise in his breast, for if he expected to make a success of this thing he could not afford to be squeamish.

It took him just another hour to set the remainder of the traps, and then he had a string of eighteen, which he deemed sufficient for this species of fur.

Noting the location of the camp on the rough map he carried, and how it might best be reached from the swa [illegible] he set out to see if he could make a [illegible] of it, blazing the trees as he went, so that if successful he would have a marked path to follow going and coming

In this way he would avoid disturbing the beaver colony, and at the same time give the mink along the stream a chance to become acquainted with the nice holes dug for their accommodation by a kind gentleman, who had apparently had nothing else to do but go around helping others remove their coats.

By taking an occasional observation, and paying heed to the little compass he carried, Caleb made a clever job of his short-cut, reaching camp without the least trouble in an hour after he started from the swamp.

The afternoon was half over, and Anson had piled up a fine lot of splendid firewood against an evil day when they might be in dire need.

He was not in sight, and had evidently stepped out to see whether there might be any more game around needing attention; for Anson was anxious to do his duty as purveyor to the trapping camp, and did not believe in neglecting golden opportunities

Caleb was resting by the fire about half an hour later when he heard two shots in rapid succession some distance away.

He listened to see whether there would be any other sign, for they had arranged a series of signals between them, looking to any possible trouble; but only silence ensued

"I reckon Ans got something that time—rabbit, partridge, or perhaps 'coon. I wonder if he would dare try to have a 'coon for dinner. I think I'd draw the line at that, unless mighty near starvation point. Well, he'll be coming in soon, so there's little use speculating on his bag," and Caleb occupied his time spreading the first muskrat skin upon the thin board carried for the purpose

Much of his spare time around the campfire would now be taken up in making these boards, looking after the furs that were drying, and kindred pursuits; for during the season a tanner has a multitude of things to take up his moments

CHAPTER VI

THE CONCH SIGNAL.

Somewhat to the surprise of Caleb as time passed on Anson failed to show up.

Perhaps he had continued his hunt, not being satisfied with what success he might have already had.

As the day drew near its close Caleb began preparations for supper, cutting a thick steak from the haunch of venison, which was keeping well in the cold, for they had hung it from a tree where it was supposed no animal could reach it.

When it began to grow dark he found himself a bit worried, since his chum was still conspicuous only by his absence.

"I hope nothing could have happened to Ans. What sort of an accident would be apt to strike him—he's too careful a hunter to draw his gun after him, and besides, there are no fences to climb here. As to animals, I hardly think there are any we should fear, such as a panther or bear. Perhaps he's gone and got lost, for I had the only compass we own, Anson not intending to leave camp. That would be kind of tough; and it has begun to get cloudy as if a storm might blow up."

It was a thought that made Caleb uneasy, and several times during his labor of preparing the meal he stepped outside and listened to catch any sound that would indicate the coming of his pard.

Darkness had now come on.

The moon was hidden by a bank of black clouds, so that over the whole region a gloomy pall seemed to rest

At length Caleb could stand it no longer, and stepping to the door he blew hard and long upon the conch shell that had been carried for the purpose of signaling

The sound echoed from distant mountain peaks, and any one miles away might have imagined it the defiant call of a bull moose looking for trouble.

Hardly had the resonant sound died away in the distance before there was a shot up the valley, and not more than half a mile away

That pleased Caleb more than he could tell, for he realized that his comrade was coming, and would ere long appear.

Nevertheless he thought it his duty to step to the door every few minutes, and awaken the echoes by a blast upon the old conch shell.

Finally a shout from the darkness announced that Anson was at hand.

Caleb went about getting the last of the supper ready for the table, knowing that his chum would be exhausted and hungry when he came in.

At length Anson strode into the cabin, looking a bit morose and weary.

He tossed a couple of partridges down, looked at his friend's preparations for the meal, and then broke out into a laugh.

"Oh, I'm a fine hunter, all right. Actually got lost, and have been wandering around lik[illegible] a regular tenderfoot for some hours. Do[illegible]t see how I came to lose my bearings so ea[illegible] but the woods are mighty thick up

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black [illegible] **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** All D[illegible]ggists [illegible] it. St[illegible]lish men use it.

where I found those birds. I missed the compass an just got twisted, that's all," he said.

"The best of woods rangers may do the same once in a while. And as I've got a trail blazed between here and the swamp I want you to always carry the compass in your wanderings after this. It would be tough all around if you did get lost in earnest—tough on you, and mighty lonely for me. But pull up and have some of this fine venison steak—a little dry, for I had no fat to go with it; but juicy enough, and tasty, too. I bet you're hungry, all right."

"Say, don't mention it, please. I could bite a nail in two, I believe. And I see you didn't lose any time getting your first pelt up yonder in the swamp."

"The little fool insisted on getting caught right under my eyes, and I had to take him in out of the wet," laughed Caleb.

"Wow! I can see where they're going to keep you busy pretty soon, pard. Seems to me everything up here is just as accommodating as you please, just fairly aching for attention. These partridges, for instance, flew up into a tree and sat there on the lower limb asking me if I thought they would look good on a spit. I said I believed I'd like to try them, and after that it was one, two for theirs. But that venison is all right, old man—couldn't have cooked it better myself, and that's saying something, for you know if there's one accomplishment I'm proud of my ability to wrestle with pots and pans. Born in me I guess; had a granddaddy who was a noted caterer in New York City years ago, equal to Delmonico. Now tell me about your day—did you catch a glimpse of Mr. Beavertail?"

"No, but I heard him all right, slapping the water like a good fellow to warn his tribe I was coming. When I peeked out they had vanished; but they're a busy lot I tell you, and during the night cut down another tree, which is being divided into logs for their dam. Seems to me they're late building it; but from what I saw I imagine the last storm we had washed their other one away. They'll get it done perhaps before winter actually sets in."

As they ate, Caleb described his doings of the day, and in all of which his chum evinced the keenest interest; Anson had never done any trapping, but he was already commencing to feel that it amounted to considerable to pit one's wits in a fight for supremacy against the natural cunning of these little varmints; and as time passed he might even find a spark of enthusiasm for the game.

In turn he related how he had shot the partridges far up the valley in a section that was new to him; and then followed by getting himself twisted in the most unaccountable manner.

All these things were profitable to the boys, since they served as warnings that might prevent even more serious accidents in the future.

Had it been a bitter night in mid-winter, with a blizzard bearing down upon them, Anson might have suffered severely, before once again finding himself at the camp; where food and shelter awaited him.

He had noticed the signs of a storm and was glad when the sound of the conch gave him his bearings at last.

Before they retired the wind was commencing to howl through the valley, and the hemlocks to moan before its force, so that they knew they were in for a wild night.

Uncle Ab had built his cabin in a favored spot, however, and they need not fear that disaster could overtake them, no matter how violent the tempest; for trees and projecting rocks protected them against the worst of the gale, no matter what direction it came from.

All through the night it howled and moaned about the camp, and several times Caleb crawled out of his warm bunk to replenish the fire and take a peep outdoors, for it seemed as though the pine under which the cabin stood might be leveled by the force of the wind.

But morning found things about as usual, only that it had become decidedly colder, and looked as if winter might be drawing close.

The sky had cleared again, and the sun peeped up as usual while they were eating breakfast.

Caleb started out wearing his rubber boots again, and carrying a number of traps with him. He expected to be back by noon, gathering what victims chanced to be in the traps already set, and placing the others in several places he had marked while on the way back to camp the preceding day.

At one spot where he had seen signs of a fox runway he left a trap, baited in the most appetizing manner; and taking especial pains to remove all traces of human presence by a judicious use of the trail scent carried for that purpose.

Once at the swamp he left the half-dozen traps on the bank, and made his rounds.

Doubtless the storm of the night had prevented the best results, but Caleb was pleased to take seven fine muskrats from the water, and reset the traps.

Then he placed those steel snares which he had brought along, making just two dozen in all set in the swamp; if he needed any of these later for mink they could easily be transformed to new localities.

Next in order was the job of removing the skins of his catch, for it was not wise to lug the carcasses all the way to camp, if time could be taken to do the job nearer where they were caught.

While this task may seem cumbersome at first one soon becomes quite adept at it, and so Caleb had the seven skins tied together before a great while had elapsed, and was walking toward home.

The sun was at its highest point, and his appetite growing voracious.

Anson had put in the morning doing various things that he had on his list, and did not seem disposed to take a turn around with his gun; they had plenty of game for immediate purposes, and besides these other things were necessary in his eyes; for the boy was inclined to be what Caleb called "finicky" about things pertaining to bodily comfort, and would by degrees reduce things to a system, so that with the least exertion everything must move like clock-work.

He had the venison on a pulley, and when they wished to cut a piece off all that was necessary was to unfasten the cord, lower away, and having secured what was wanted, draw it up again to its lofty perch.

"From the marks under the hemlock I guess the smell of that fresh meat drew a few pilgrims around some time during last night. One was a fox I'm dead sure, but the others may have been 'coons only, though there's one big print that it seems to me must have been made by a lynx or wildcat."

"That isn't the finest thing to know, that if a fellow steps outdoors of an evening he's liable to have a lucivee jump on his shoulders, and take off an ear. I guess we'll have to lay for that chap, and add his pelt to those drying on the boards yonder. While I think of it I'll be getting a board ready for him," remarked Caleb, carelessly.

"Well, I like that. You seem to think it's a foregone conclusion that because a wildcat chooses to prowl around here one night, he's as good as bagged. It's a great thing to have confidence, I see," laughed the other.

"Figure it out for yourself and see. If that chap would come around a night such as the last one, he'll remember the beautiful scent he had and shy up here again as sure as you live, before another sun. Perhaps before we go to bed we may have a visit from him; it all depends on how hungry the brute is. Anyhow I'm going to set a trap for him, all right. A nice lynx skin would just fit in my collection fine."

So during the afternoon Caleb lowered the bundle of meat a little, leaving it just far enough below the limb of the hemlock so that a bobcat would have to leap down in order to land on the package; he also fixed some sort of contraption with a cord leading into the cabin, so that if the meat were violently shaken a jingling sound would follow, and give warning that the expected visitor had actually arrived.

Caleb was so very solicitous after the comfort of his guests, and did not like to keep any one waiting longer than was absolutely necessary; it is a good trait to encourage, even in a young trapper.

The partridges made them an excellent supper, to which, of course, both lads did ample justice; for in this bracing air it seemed as though they were hungry an hour after they had dined, and the prospect of catering to such ferocious appetites for a long stretch of many weeks was a problem that they must solve as they went along.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE LYNX LOST.

The boys sat up rather late that evening.

Caleb wanted to give his lynx trap a fair show; and besides, he was very busy making stretchers for the skins he anticipated bringing in on the following day; while Anson had started to write up their adventures, and was deeply engrossed in his work.

Without the slightest warning there was a sudden jingling close beside Anson that made him jump as if shot.

Caleb reached out his hand and took hold of his rifle; there was a smile on his face as he looked at his chum, as if to say:

"What did I tell you?"

On his part Anson snatched for his Marlin; but he had had orders not to use it save as a last resort, for it was apt to mar the skin of the beast; and remembering the part he was to play he lighted a little bullseye lantern.

Then Caleb stepped quietly to the door, which he opened enough to allow of their slipping out.

The moon was shining, but under the heavy hemlock it was dark enough, and Anson realized that his comrade had known what he was about when he arranged to get the benefit of the bullseye in locating this vistor.

No sooner did he issue from the cabin than he turned the light upward toward the spot where the bundle of venison hung.

Already had Caleb detected a pair of glittering yellow eyes against the dark hemlock branches; and as his chum thus brought the little searchlight to bear he could see the crouching figure of the cat, hanging to the swaying bundle, and loth to either leap back to the tree or to the ground far below.

They could hear a low, venomous growling proceeding from the beast, and it was evident that this interruption to its plans for a royal supper was not relished in the least by the intended diner.

Even the mildest mannered man in the world will prove testy upon being delayed in the pleasing duty of catering to his appetite; and a lynx has an exceedingly short temper.

"Steady—I see him. Look out when he jumps!" said Caleb.

In his other hand Anson held the hatchet which he usually carried swinging from his belt, hunter fashion, while in the woods; and this he now raised half threateningly, so as to be ready for emergencies, for he knew that a wounded bobcat or lynx is a dangerous customer indeed.

What with the swaying and turning bundle, and the unsteady light, Caleb could not make sure of his aim in a second, but continued to follow the motions of the object up near the branches of the hemlock, his rifle ready to spit out its contents at the bare touch of his finger-tip.

Then came the sharp report.

Caleb jumped back as soon as he had fired, anticipating a leap on the part of the animal, whether mortally injured or not; and at the same time he whirled his gun around to be used as a club in self-defense.

There was a cry from Anson, followed by the thud of a blow.

"That got him all, I guess," shouted the one who held the lantern, trying to focus its rays upon a struggling form upon the ground.

Caleb sprang forward, intending to strike with his rifle; but apparently it was not necessary, for the animal seemed to be kicking his last, the double portion of lead and cold steel being too much for even a strenuous lynx to stand.

"Everything comes to him who waits," exclaimed Anson, exultantly, as they bent over and examined the defunct beast, which was of an unusual size, and possessed a coat of fur that made the young trapper's eyes shine.

"At any rate variety's the spice of life, and he'll add to the stock. Thought he was in for a jolly good dinner from our venison; but found there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. My jingle bell worked like a charm, too, didn't it?" asked Caleb, taking hold of the dead beast to feel his wei[illegible]

"Near[illegible] tha[illegible] out of a [illegible]

[illegible] growth, that's what. Thought for the second something had jumped at me, you know. Well, now that the game's over, I move we crawl into our bunks. I can hardly keep my peepers open," yawned the hunter.

They had no further alarm that night; for if the mate of the lynx hovered in the neighborhood they heard nothing from it.

So another day opened.

Caleb was counting the time, and anxiously waiting until it would be proper for him to look up the mink holes along the creek.

Again he set out for the swamp, only this time he carried no traps, having quite a sufficiency in that quarter.

Working down toward the end of the swamp he finished with nine muskrats as a total, and was fully satisfied.

It was still early, and he spent some time in taking off the pelts, at which business he was now getting to be quite an adept.

Thinking that as the wind was now right he would like to see what the industrious beaver at the commencement of the stream were doing, he crept cautiously along until finally he peered out from a screen of brush and had a full view of the whole situation.

There were three of them in sight, and all working like—well, as Anson afterward said when told of it, "like beaver," cutting down another tree, slapping mud over the dam already constructed, nosing stones into place, and bustling around as if fully conscious of the fact that the time for such labor was now limited, and they must make haste if they expected to accomplish the task they had set out to perform.

Caleb watched for nearly half an hour, and was deeply interested.

He made up his mind that he would not try to take any of these singular and amusing animals unless it seemed positively necessary to eke out his store of furs, looking toward that term at college.

Suddenly they all scampered away, and vanished under the water at a signal of alarm from the old fellow who had been sitting erect on the lookout.

Supposing they had been frightened by his presence in the vicinity, and that he must have made some incautious movement, Caleb was just about to rise and walk back to where he had hung his pelts from a limb, when he caught a strange sniffing sound that aroused his curiosity immediately, and he sank back in his retreat.

WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W-53, CHICAGO, ILL.

$1 A MONTH BUYS A "SEW EASY"

If you want a sewing machine, you want to know us, and we want to know you. We sell on time and allow you to pay for the machine on $1.00 monthly installments. No red tape. We gladly trust you. We ask for small payments—$2.00 down and $1.00 a month. We send you the machine and 10-year guarantee. The Sew Easy is light running, simple, strong and beautiful. We can save you one-half over the old store or canvasser plan, because we ship direct from the factory and employ no agents and run no branch stores. Don't buy trash, a sewing machine should be like a member of your family. You want it to last a long time. Write us today and let us tell you about our credit plan and show you our great money-saving offer. Just drop us a line and say: "Please send me particulars about your easy payment plan." Address

FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

SHEFFIELD MFG. CO., Dept. 7. 1421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

Sent Prepaid on Free Trial

Special Wholesale Prices This Month.

Let me send you this 17-Jewel Elgin G. M. Wheeler 12 or 16 Size Thin Model at our Bed-Rock Wholesale Price on Approval—

No Money Down

P. S. HARRIS, Pres. Harris-Goar Co.
The House that sells more Elgin Watches than any other firm in the world.

Its the one watch without an equal—the kind you have always admired—adjusted to *three positions, temperature and isochronism*—finely finished and fitted in a Double Strata Gold Case, Hand Engraved and *guaranteed for 25 years.*

You Assume No Risk Whatever in dealing with us because before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking and if it suits, you may pay cash or take advantage of our Easy Payment Plan of $5.00 a month, down to ***$2.00 a Month.***

WE ASK NO SECURITY AND NO INTEREST—just plain honesty among men. Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT Plan so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, **we will trust you,** so that you and every honest man and woman can own a High-Grade Elgin watch in a beautiful guaranteed 25-year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. **Write today for our big free Watch Catalog.** It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we sell **Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas** everywhere on free trial without security or one cent deposit, **Positively Guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection.**

HARRIS-GOAR COMPANY,* 1549 *Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE

BLACK, WHITE, RED.

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in three colors, black, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways, as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one **free of all charge,** if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white, black or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To The CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one

(Color)........................Shawl, all charges prepaid. Send the paper until further notice to

NAME ....

St., P. O. Box,
or R. F. D..

Town .... State ....

This is a ...., subscription.
(new or renewal)

CANADA S[illegible]RIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER [illegible]

Then out of the copse further down the shore of the swamp on the other side of the creek a moving object caught his eye, a black animal that came shuffling to the edge of the water, and bent down to drink, or reach in after something.

Caleb felt his pulses thrill with sudden excitement, for he was looking upon his first wild bear, in its native haunts.

A lynx last night, and he was now fated to bag a big black bear today—the very idea gave him a sensation of elation, and his hand was trembling as he gripped his rifle and began to bring it around so as to find his shoulder.

He may have been incautious, or else the bear was looking exactly in that direction, for with a quick, startled snort it wheeled and made off.

He knew he had very little chance to win out, but the temptation to shoot was too great to be resisted, and with a snap aim Caleb let fly.

Down went the bear, rolling over and over; then scrambling to its feet away it bounded at the fastest pace it was capable of putting up; and Caleb, grievously disappointed saw no more of it, for that day at least.

He had the curiosity to walk over, after seeing that his rifle was in condition for business again, and examine the ground; and it gave him some satisfaction to find spots of blood as proof that he had not missed entirely; at the same time he was sorry that he had wounded the animal without securing him.

"And he had a simply magnificent shaggy skin, that would have been a splendid addition to my stock," he complained to Anson, when narrating the event.

"Perhaps it may be my good luck to bowl him over some day, who knows? I reckon this valley is his cruising territory, and sooner or later we may run across him, in the spring if not now, for bears lie low all winter, and sleep. I wish you'd tripped the old chief up, for bear meat is worth while, if you only know how to cook it. It isn't every fellow who does, but trust your Uncle Anson for getting on to that wrinkle. It sometimes pays to have an eminent chef in the family; and inherit his knack for making tasty dishes out of almost nothing."

There was something in the other's smile that warned Caleb he had some secret; but since it seemed to give Ans so much pleasure he would not try to penetrate the same, leaving that for him to disclose at his pleasure.

After they had partaken of the venison stew that night the cook brought out a dish from the oven that aroused Caleb's suspicions at once; and yet it certainly did have an appetizing odor that, had he been extremely hungry, might have appealed hugely to his olfactory organs.

"Name it," he exclaimed, seeing Anson cutting up one of the two little animals that somewhat resembled squirrels.

"A famous old Indian dish," said Anson, tasting, and then seeming to ruminate.

"Musquash!" exclaimed the other, drawing back.

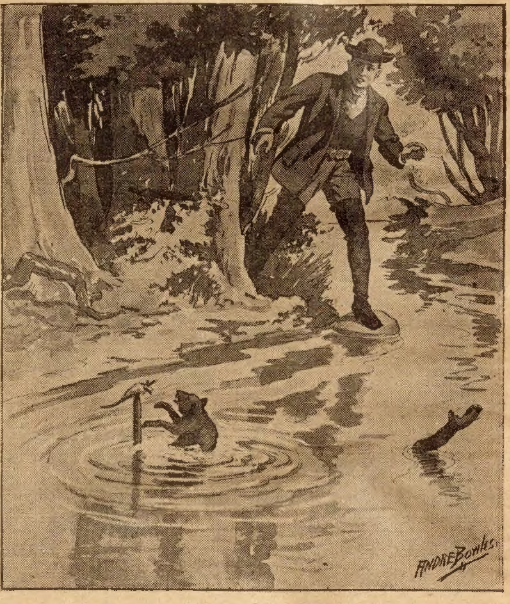
"Try it and see. Perhaps I made a mistake in having that blamed old venison stew first, for it took away the edge of our appetites. I don't think I just hanker after this dish, though I can see how a fellow might call it fine if real good and hungry. If we get hard pushed we'll have to turn to our friends of the swamp; but so far as I'm concerned I think there are plenty of other things I like better, and within reach, too," observed Anson.

Caleb was of the same opinion, though he ate a small portion of the browned musquash, and pronounced it not at all bad.

At any rate, the curiosity of the cook had been satisfied, for he would never have been happy had they spent the whole winter up there in the wilderness without trying one mess of the Indian dish.

"What will you spring on me next, beaver-tails perhaps; but I'd like to let those busyboys alone if we can, for I've taken a great fancy for them. Wait till you creep up there some day and watch the hustling colony at work. It would really be a shame to annihilate them, and they so scarce in the Adirondacks nowadays. But where on earth did you get these two chaps?"

"Knocked 'em over when out yesterday morning, and hid 'em before coming in, meaning to spring a surprise on you. Perhaps I don't know just how to cook musquash—you see they didn't have such delicacies in New York, and my illustrious ancestor, the great chef, never mentions 'em in his book. Some time I must go to the Indians, and learn how they do it; for I imagine there's a secret about the way they're cooked that makes all the difference. Well, we've had all we want of 'em, and the foxes can feast on the remains. I'll carry them out and bury 'em."



There was instantly a commotion in the water.

"And by the way, were the skins quite ruined when you shot the beggars?" asked Caleb, with a grin.

"Pretty badly rattled; you see I was close, and the shot tore a hole in each varmint; and what was left I just demolished getting the skin off. I shot them down the creek in the morning, which accounted for your not hearing more than my two shots in the afternoon. Well, I won't waste good pelts again, I promise you," and Anson carried the pan containing the musquash outside.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this story of boyhood adventures. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

THE WAX FLOWERS.

"Oh, Lily, how beautiful! It seems as if I could almost smell their fragrance. I wish we could afford to keep them."

And little Mary Melbrook stood gleefully on tiptoe to examine the delicate little bouquet of wax lilies of the valley that lay on the table—a chubby child of seven years.

"You will be sure and take good care of Agnes while I am gone, Mary," said the thoughtful elder sister, glancing toward a worn lounge on which resposed, the pale, slight form of a girl of thirteen.

Agnes Melbrook was a cripple; yet you scarcely pitied her when you looked upon the happy serenity of her sweet, pale face. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" had given Agnes Melbrook patience to bear her afflictions; and Lily herself sometimes envied her young sister the unruffled peace of her daily life.

Lilian Melbrook had been left sole guardian and protector of her two sisters at the age of eighteen, and she had unhesitatingly assumed the charge. Doctor Melbrook had died suddenly, and on the investigation of his affairs, they proved to be so entangled that Lilian found herself obliged to toil for her daily bread, and now was the time when her accomplishments proved themselves of use.

"My dear," said the head partner of the great jewelry firm of Gold & Jett, "you may bring as many of your wax flowers here as you please, and I'll sell 'em for you without a cent of commission. You needn't go to thanking me now; I should be a cold-hearted old fellow, indeed, if I weren't willing to do as much as that for Roger Melbrook's daughter."

Lily looked very pretty as she sped through the frosty October sunshine, with glowing cheeks, and fresh lips slightly [illegible] to put her [illegible] on exhibi- red cheeks, hair of the real flaxen gold, and soft, gray eyes, whose appealing glance spoke to you with an irresistible charm; and her simple dress of some drab worsted fabric, trimmed with bars of scarlet velvet ribbon, set off her beauty with artistic contrast.

"I ought to have five dollars for this little bouquet," thought Lily. "Let me see—two dollars for rent, and a dollar for more wax, and I shall have two dollars left for Mary's cloth cloak. Only two dollars—oh, if we were only rich again!"

Lily sighed involuntarily. It was very hard to live upon the slender wages of her work; and a woman fighting the battle of life alone strives at a fearful disadvantage. But she thought of Agnes, uncomplaining and serene upon her couch of suffering, and of little Mary, eager in her studies, that she might one day be able to teach, and thereby "help Sister Lily," and resolved to harbor not one repining thought.

All of a sudden, as she glanced upward, a familiar face seemed to flash across her vision—a dark, bronzed face, with pleasant hazel eyes, and a puzzled, half-recognizing expression.

"Major Draper!" she murmured, looking around almost bewildered. And then, as the tall form, borne unconsciously forward by the crowd, seemed to pause and hesitate, she drew the veil over her face and darted down a side street—why, she could hardly have told herself, except that Major Draper had known them in the days of their prosperity, and Lily Melbrook—oversensitive, perhaps—shrank from meeting him again.

"I thought he had gone to Spain!" soliloquized Lily, with throbbing heart. "I am sure some one told us he was living in Madrid!"

The crimson flushed softly over Lily's cheek, as she remembered the note she had found, in Major Draper's handwriting, among her deceased father's papers—a note asking permission to woo Lily Melbrook as his wife—and the copy of her father's reply. Doctor Melbrook had discountenanced the whole thing without once submitting it to his daughter's decision. "Lily was too young—he did not wish such things put in her head. Major Draper, though unexceptionable in every respect, was too much Lily's senior—he must beg respectfully to decline the honor," etc.

"I was only sixteen then," thought Lily, "and yet Major Draper could not have been more than thirty, and he was very, very handsome, and winning in his manners."

And Lily thought for one fleeting moment how pleasant it would have been, could she, as Angus Draper's wife, have offered a luxurious home to Agnes and little Mary.

"How foolish I am to build such absurd castles in the air!" was her resolute ultimatum, and she carried her tiny bouquet to Gold & Jett's, and came home again to the dingy house in the second-rate street, resolved to dream no more delusive visions of what might have been.

"I don't think I'll settle on the bracelet today. The turquoise is so pretty that really I can't decide between that and the topaz."

Miss Fontaine sauntered gracefully toward the door, with her father and Major Draper in attendance.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Fontaine, with a grimace expressive of relief, "I began to think you never could tear yourself away from the contemplation of these trinkets, and it grows late. What now, Helena?"

For the spoiled beauty had paused again in front of the glass show cases.

"Oh, papa, see those lilies of the valley in wax! Aren't they exquisite, with their tiny bells and deep-green leaves! They are just what I want for the drawing-room etagere. How much are they?" she questioned, turning to the clerk.

"Five dollars, ma'am."

"Papa, buy them for me! And oh, papa, wouldn't a wreath of them, under glass, be lovely for a wedding present to Stephania Wyllys? Where do you get them?"

"They are made by a young lady, an acquaintance of Mr. Gold's, ma'am," said the clerk. "Any order you may choose to leave——"

"Yes—well, tell her to make a circular garland large [illegible]

$1500.00 Made in one month with a LONG CRISPETTE MACHINE

Coins Money Like a Mint

Constant stream of nickles, dimes, quarters. Always money coming in—Crispettes going out. Perrine, Cal., "One day's sales $380.00." Start in safe, profitable, easy, fascinating business. Outdoors in summer—indoors in winter. In towns, villages, cities, at fairs, parks, carnivals, summer resorts, circuses—wherever there's a crowd. Crispettes are fine—all like them—young and old. So easy to get the money. Everybody willing to spend small money. Millions made in 5c pieces. Think of fortunes made in 5 and 10 cent stores—street car companies—five cent shows. Machine simple—easy to understand and work. Full instructions—secret formula. Investigate. Get full particulars—reports from users. See what others have done. Judge what you can do. Write a card now.

W. Z. LONG, 107 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

POST OFFICE

BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Dirctory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

Boys, Earn Money

Delivering the BLADE AND LEDGER Each Week.

We need a smart boy in every town and R. F. D. route in the United States and Canada to sell the Blade and Ledger. 4,000,000 people read them every week and the people in your town want some one they can buy them from each week.

YOU ARE THE BOY WHO CAN MAKE THE MONEY.

We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. The **Agent's Outfit is Entirely Free,** and there is no expense of any kind. You pay us nothing till your papers are sold. You do not have to pay for papers you cannot sell. No experience necessary.

25,000 Boys Sell the Blade and Ledger Every Friday and Saturday. They are of all ages, so you can do the same. Fill out the blank below, cut it out and mail it to us. We will send you everything necessary to start you and will give you full directions, just what to do, Everything is plain and dead easy. Hurry before some other boy beats you.

CUT OUT

W. D. Boyce Co.,
76 Dearborn Av.
Chicago:
I will accept the agency.
Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of

Agent's Name ....
Street, P. O. Box or R. F. D. ....
Town ....
Date ....

a parlor table. And I must have them by Wednesday, without fail."

"Certainly, ma'am," assented the clerk, entering the order in a portly manuscript volume.

"I'm so glad I thought of it," lisped the lady, turning to Major Draper. "I was so puzzled what to give Stephania. Come; I really think I am through now."

And she entered Major Draper's carriage with the step of a queen, quite unconscious that the gentleman himself appeared bored and anxious, in spite of Mr. Fontaine's efforts to entertain and amuse him.

Helena Fontaine was handsome. In her haughty, Cleopatra-like way—a golden-haired girl, with a dazzling complexion of snow and carmine, almond-shaped blue eyes, and lips as velvet fresh as the heart of a fiery pomegranate flower. And Helena Fontaine had always had her own way through life, and now that she had settled in her royal mind that she would like Angus Draper for a husband, she no more thought it possible for her will to be thwarted than she deemed it possible for the sun to rise in the West.

"I like him—oh, ever so much better than Frank Falkland or Felix Downes," thought Helena, the evening she met him at the first of a series of tableaux vivants, "and I'll have him!"

So Mr. Fontaine, having been given to understand his daughter's new freak, invited Major Draper to dinner, and drove with him in the Central Park, and surrounded him with the most cordial hospitality.

Angus Draper's nature was too perceptive not to see through the flimsy strategies. He smiled moodily to himself.

"What matters it?" he mused. "If she likes me, I may as well marry her as any one else. I never saw but one whom I really fancied, and she——"

But there Angus Draper's soliloquies invariably stopped.

It was nearly a week subsequently that Miss Helena Fontaine sat in her dressing-room, the victim of a very bad temper.

"It's too bad!" pouted Helena, as she jerked the curl papers out of her magnificent golden hair. "I wish he'd propose, if he's going to! I wonder how long he intends to be about it, and I missing the best chances of the season! Angelique!"

Her maid appeared, with a startled air, at the imperative peal of Miss Fontaine's little silver bell.

"Yes, mademoiselle!"

"Have Gold & Jett sent home that wreath of lilies of the valley?"

"No, mademoiselle!"

"Send papa here!"

Mr. Fontaine obeyed his daughter's summons.

"Papa," began Helena, frowning until her pretty forehead looked as if it were quilted, "that wreath has not come home from Gold & Jett's, and Stephania Wyllys is to be married tomorrow!"

"Well, my dear. I don't really see what we can do about it."

"But I do! You must go there at once, and if it isn't done, get the young woman's address, and hurry her up."

"But, Helena, I am particularly engaged——"

"I can't help it; I must have the flowers!"

Mr. Fontaine knew better than to incur any more decided demonstration of his daughter's wrath; he turned away without a remonstrance.

"Draper," he said to the gentleman he met at the clubrooms, "I wish you would get those wax flowers for Helena. She has quite set her heart on them, and I haven't time to attend to the business. They will give you the address at Gold & Jett's."

"I shall be very happy to oblige Miss Fontaine," said Major Draper mechanically.

He sauntered into Gold & Jett's. "No, the wreath ordered by Miss Fontaine had not yet been sent. They were very sorry—the young lady was generally more punctual."

"What is the address?"

"No. 77 Grow street, second floor.

Angus Draper had got nearly halfway to Grow street before he recollected that he had forgotten to ask the young person's name.

"Very awkward of me," deliberated the major, "but I suppose I can ask for the wax-flower maker."

No. 77 Grow street was a rusty red-brick house, with that forlorn look about it which so plainly individualizes most tenement houses.

A plump little girl was nursing a colossal baby on the step. To her Major Draper addressed himself.

"Does a young person live here who makes wax flowers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; that's Aggie's sister. It's the second floor, sir—the last door as you turn to the right."

Major Draper thanked his small informant and ascended the oilclothed stairs. The next moment he tapped at the "last door as you turn to the right."

"Come in," a soft voice answered, and he found himself in a neat, though scantily furnished room, where a girl of eighteen sat at a table busily engaged in making waxen blossoms, while a younger girl lay on a lounge beyond, busied in some light needlework.

Lily Melbrook glanced up, expecting no more dignified guest than the landlord; but her cheek grew scarlet!

"Major Draper!"

"Miss Melbrook, can it be possible that this is you?"

Explanations followed, and more explanations still, and somehow the wreath of lilies of the valley was entirely forgotten! We think it will hardly be necessary to relate all the conversation if we give the closing sentences.

"Then I may take you away from this life of toil and privation next month? Oh, Lily, if you but knew how I have pined to call you my wife! And Agnes and little Mary shall be as dear to me as if they were sisters in very truth!"

Whatever Lily said, she didn't say "no," and Major Draper went back to Miss Fontaine's with the lilies, which were fortunately remembered just in time.

"You've been a long time," commented Miss Fontaine, rather ungraciously. "What was the price?"

"The price!" Major Draper felt himself flush. "I never thought of the price. Anything—nothing. The fact is, Miss Helena, I have this morning met, in the manufacturer these wax flowers, a very dear friend."

ndeed!"

nd I shall hope soon to present her to as my wife."

lena's Fontaine's surprise was a very but she retained sufficient presence of mind to congratulate Major Draper rather coldly.

"And it's all owing to Stephania's lilies of the valley!" sobbed Helena, when the major was gone. "I wish I never had thought of them!"

Yes, it was all owing to the lilies of the valley, and Lily Melbrook thanked Heaven for it, in her pure, young heart.

Keeneyes' Solution.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"In fact, they were very interesting," Edgar admitted. "They had been left to guard the staircase so nobody could go up."

"Ah! That is very significant. The man who left them there evidently had a great treasure upstairs to be guarded. Now, I beg of you to tell us all about it in your own way, and if you omit no detail, I can explain all to you as easily as if I had really been with you six months ago, in your journey to Sharphope."

"But," Edgar objected, "I warn you that though I saw many things of a most surprising nature, I am unable to decide the meaning of anything, or even if these different events are related. Since I was there, and solved nothing, and since I can only tell you what I already know, how can you come to any conclusion No, no, Mr. Zellers, what I meant was, that if you could have been there to discover clews——"

"You are a young man of alert attention," said Zellers, "and no doubt saw more that I need for our purpose. Your eyes are good, but your mind is not penetrating. That is the difficulty. We do not need more clews, perhaps, but merely the interpretation of a Keeneyes. Tell me what affected your senses—what you saw, heard, smelt, tasted, felt. I will supply the intellect in which you are probably rather deficient."

"Sir!"

"Oh, I mean no offense. I refer to that intellect of the born detective, possessed by but a very few men, of whom I happen to be one. I do not boast, in the least. It is simply that I was born this way."

"That's right," spoke up Brown. "Mr. Zellers is a wonder."

"Yes," said Zellers, modestly.

"You lead me to hope that you may solve the mystery," said Edgar, forgetting his soup. "And if so I shall be delighted, if for no other reason, because of a most charming young lady whom I never expect to see again, but who impressed me most profoundly."

"Dear me!" cried Keeneyes, "you have almost revealed to me the entire mystery; yes, my dear sir, almost the entire mystery. If you drop a few more such expressions as that, I shall know the whole story before you begin."

Edgar smiled incredulously, but again Brown nodded his head with immense admiration for his friend.

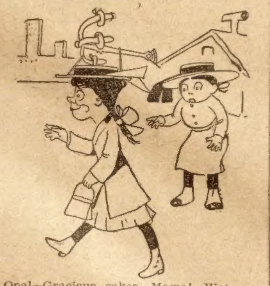
"Oh, don't tell me a word," cried Keeneyes, otherwise Zellers, "until I explain what you have already unconsciously betrayed—nay, what you possibly do not know yourself."

This curious story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Fashion Note.



Opal—Gracious sakes, Mame! Wot yer got on yer head?

Mamie—Aw, gwan! Dat's one o' dem new chandelier hats.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

A Mother's Duty.

The mother who wishes her children to grow up with healthy minds, must endeavor to deal aright with their minds, just as she strives to treat rightly the bodies which are equally her care. In the case of some children, little need be done for either. In other cases, both require most careful attention; and no one can understand mental needs without sympathy. Sympathy does not mean fussy questioning, still less encouragement to self-analysis, which is even more injurious than neglect. It does mean a watchfulness which will at once perceive if a child is depressed, and try to discover and remove the cause by natural and healthy methods; and it means a readiness at all times to enter into a child's interests and amusements, and to aid and encourage every innocent taste, knowing that the ore occupations tha a child can cre

What a Rat Can Do.

"The rat's sight is not particularly good," says a writer in McClure's, "but its smell is keen, and its sense of locality so perfect that it will run through its holes and galleries in pitch darkness at full speed. The great Cuvier used especially to admire the rat's tail, which he said had more muscles than the human hand. Careful experiments by Romanes, however, have proved the truth of the ancient belief that, by letting down its tail and licking the end, the rat extracts oil, milk, wine, molasses and other fluids from deep or narrow-necked vessels.

"No single point, I think, illustrates better the sagacity of the rat than the way in which it eats an egg. It bites through the shell and chips off small fragments as neatly as a squirrel opens a nut, consumes the entire contents without spilling a drop, and then sits up and licks itself clean like a cat. Rats will steal the eggs from under a sitting hen; in Washington, D. C., they carried off seventy-five dozen eggs which a commission merchant had incautiously stored in a wooden tub.

"Their method of handling eggs is also characteristic. An egg is as large for a rat as a barrel for a man—and much more fragile. Yet there is evidence of the fact that they pass eggs along from one to another, although, not probably, as has often been reported, by forming long lines, like a bucket brigade. The operation is, naturally, a difficult one to observe; but apparently it takes two rats to each egg. One holds the egg in its paws, passes it on to the other and then runs ahead to take it once more in its turn. The same device seems to be employed to carry an egg downstairs, the one that has the egg passing it to its companion, which stands on the step below. Going upstairs, however, at least in some cases, each rat puts its head between its forepaws and pushes the egg up with its hind feet. Such appears to be the general procedure."

"Mr. Speaker!"

There are a few members of the house who have such an individual way of addressing the chair that it was not necessary that "Uncle Joe" should see the applicant for recognition. If the speaker can hear the "gentleman from New York" or "the gentleman from Alabama" it is sufficient.

There is Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, for instance. Mr. Fitzgerald takes part in almost every debate, especially if there's a parliamentary question involved.

"Mr. Speak-ah," begins the Empire State Democrat, his voice rising and emphasizing especially the "ah." Everybody in the gallery knows that "Fitz" is going to have something to say.

"Mr. Speak-kur," thunders Clayton, of Alabama, keeping the sound well down in his throat.

"Mr. Speaker-r-r," exclaims Representative "Gussie" Gardner, of Massachusetts, in a peculiar staccato strain. So snappy is Mr. Gardner's call for recognition that he can say the words about three times a second.

"Or, Mr. Sp-eek-uh," will drawl Champ Clark, minority leader, "I can't hear anything; what is all this about, anyway?" Directly opposite to the manner in which Mr. Gardner hurls the words it requires little over a second for Mr. Clark to deliver himself of the necessary salutation.

Representative Keifer, of Ohio, called Gen. Keifer, or the only living dress-suit statesman, goes after the chair in very much the Clayton style, only more so. Gen. Keifer rather bellows the words in a deep, sonorous tone that arouses the house from its lethargy.

"Misder Speagher," exclaims Representative Kustermann, of Wisconsin, who has a German accent and is proud of it.

Since the speaker knows the voices so well, it is quite convenient at times for him to have his gaze averted when he isn't particular about recognizing a certain member with a pet project at that particular moment, for the speaker can well plead that he didn't see the member.

An Unpleasant Detail.

Two friends, one a prosperous-looking business man, and the other at least well dressed, chanced to meet not long ago and the second gentleman remembered that it was his turn to "buy the dinner," so they were soon repairing to a fashionable restaurant. Their orders were generous and they lingered long over the good things, not forgetting cigars at the end.

When they felt that they really had to leave, or else pay rent, the host showed a bit of fidgetiness, and requested that the other go outside and wait for him, that there was an "unpleasant little detail" he wished to discuss with the proprietor and could not think of embarrassing his friend by having him overhear it. The friend did as requested, stepping outside and waiting at the nearest corner.

He had been waiting only about five minutes, when of a sudden the door of the restaurant flew open, and his erstwhile host shot through it as from a catapult, followed by some most uncomplimentary terms.

"What's wrong?" was the first inquiry of the waiting friend.

"O, nothing much," was the answer, "except that the 'unpleasant little detail' I had to discuss with the proprietor was that I had no money to pay for the dinners."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Heroic Means.

The little man wanted a pin to hold his ripped sleeve together, but every one that passed just gave him a cold stare. Presently a big individual with shoulders like an ox and wrapped up in a voluminous sweater sauntered down the street and the little man accosted him in desperation:

"For two pins," said the little man, "I'd knock your block off."

The pugilistic-looking citizen was dumfounded. When he recovered himself he found two pins in his trousers waistband and handed them over.

"Now, come on, you little mackerel!" he thundered. "Come on an' knock dis block off. Just try it!"

But the little man was already dodging for the other side of the street.

"I guess I'[illegible] let your block [illegible] this time,"

Don't Wait
Till Night

The moment you need help, take a candy *Cascaret.* Then headaches vanish, dullness disappears. The results are natural, gentle, prompt. No harsher physic does more good, and all harsh physics injure.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores.
People now use a million boxes monthly. 853

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. Best and most reliable published. Eastern Agency 56, Bridgeport, Conn.

GO ON THE STAGE. We teach you how. BOOKLET FREE. Vernon School, 141 Franklin Bldg., Chicago

LIFE POSTALS As natural as can be; 6 for 15c; 12 for 25c. NEW ART CO., ALBION, MICH., Dept. K.

POSTCARDS Favorites with all. The best yet; 6 for 15c, 12 for 25c. Paris Art Co., Dept. K, Albion, Mich.

48 Comic "Up-2-Date" Love Cards (just out). Fun, Barrels of Fun. HESS CO., 218 Randolph st., CHICAGO 10c

SPORTING GOODS. Dice and Cards a specialty. Cat. Free. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

25 Artistic Postcards, the kind that pleases GEO. B. ALLEN, Bound Brook, New Jersey. 10c

50 POSTCARD VIEWS, all kinds, some in gold, 10c. Stewart, B619, Providence, R. I.

POSTCARDS of lovely women, wholesale price list with each order; 8 for 10c; 25 for 25c. C. Harwood Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.

MEN, LOOK! Something rich; send for circular. Household Novelty Co., Edina, Mo.

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

11 BY 14 PICTURE of woman, large and plain, 15c. White Slave Trade free with each order. D. Lea Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.

LOVERS Look here! Secret, just what you've been looking for. Mailed for 10 cts. silver. W. R. Martin, Canton, N. Y.

RODS SPANISH NEEDLES, GOLDOMETERS for Treasure Seekers. Booklet Free. P. & M. AGENCY, 27 Bay St., PALMYRA, PA

MEN ONLY

CACTI SALVE Relieves Debility. Restores Vitality. Banishes Weakness

Renews sprightliness and vigor.

Cacti Salve is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. *One application positively proves its value. Makes the weak strong and the strong stronger.* This is the original and only Cacti Salve, and is sent to all parts of the world. $1.00 a box, 3 boxes $3.00. Sealed sample 10c. silver.

"Your money back if it fails to benefit."

C. Cacti Co. 25 Third Av., New York City.

MEN NO CURE—NO PAY In other words you only pay our small professional fee when CURED AND SATISFIED.

FREE Our 164 page book tells how you may be cured at home. Contains nearly one hundred "Home Treatment" Recipes, such as most Specialists would charge $2 to $5 each for. Gives many valuable "Pointers" Vital to Men —married or single. Sent sealed all charges paid.

MEDICINE SENT ON TRIAL

Not a patent medicine or "dope" mixture, but a course of several different medicines prescribed to meet the complications and special needs of your individual case. Write to-day. Send no money.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
865 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

STAMP PHOTOS

We will put your name on them free. The greatest novelty of the novelty age.

Have you a Cabinet Photo or a postcard? If so why not have some Stamp Photos made. They will be perfect reproductions of the photo you send. They are also perforated and gummed, just like a postage stamp. We will offer them to you to introduce them at

One Cent Each
IN LOTS OF 100 ONLY.

Send us your photo and one dollar bill and we will make them up immediately. Try them, you'll like them. Your money back if not satisfied. Your photograph positively returned uninjured. We will put your name on them Free of charge.

W. C. Watkins & Co., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

$3.50 RECIPE
CURES WEAK
MEN---FREE

Send Name and Address Today
—You Can Have It Free and
Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great

I Treat Eye Diseases FREE For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I can restore strength and sight to weak eyes, and cure Eye Strain, Sore Eyes, Granulated Lids, Cataracts, Scums and Failure of Sight. To prove this, I will send a course of my mild Absorption remedies with eye cup and full instructions, by mail, charges prepaid, to every person that is sufferering from weak, diseased eyes or failing sight. You can throw away your glasses after using these remedies. No matter what your eye trouble, write a description of it to me, ask for free trial treatment. Send no money. Address
Dr. W. O. COFFEE
Dept. 749 Des Moines, Ia., U.S.A. DR. W. O. COFFEE

MONEY MADE Reading Character. Six 2c stamps brings complete treatise. H. Wooding, Council Bluffs, Ia.

10 Extra Fine Postcards with your name in gold 10c C. Bloomington Company, Bloomington, Illinois

POEMS and short stories wanted. Sample copies of our publications 15 cts. Magazine G, Bradford, Pa.

FUTURE I predict love, business, success or trouble; birthdate and 25c. Prof. G. T. Rhaphel, Binghamton, N.Y.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

LADIES Go in business, in your own home. Small investment. Double $ in two weeks. Write Menke & Co., K. C., Mo.

HAIRINE Dandruff Cure and Hair Grower; price 50c, post free. Money back if not satisfied. Peerless Hygienic Co., 112 Clark St., Chicago

MOTHERS Bed Wetting cured. 25 cent package free. C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. 62, P.O. Drawer 794, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES Our catalog of specialties and toilet necessities sent for 2c stamp. Write GLOBE PUB. CO., Box 75, Augusta, Mich.

$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, D31, Chicago, Ill.

SPANISH Needles, Rods & Books, for locating Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasures. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free. Address F. & M. AGENCY, 16 New St., Palmyra, Pa.

GOLD, Silver and Hidden Treasures can be located by the aid of our instruments. Send 2c for catalogue of rods and books. Miners' Supply Company, Dept. B, Palmyra, Penna.

HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Write at once for free booklet O. Address International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

BOYS, PRINT CARDS, &c. Your Vacation Spending Money and Learn a Trade at the same time, we will teach you how. Outfits from $5 up. Presses, Type, &c. Write today for catalog. Amateur Printer, 1023 Jackson Blvd. Chicago

DREAM BOOK FOR 10c. Send today and receive this interesting, amusing and instructive book by return mail. Free list of many very cheap books and post cards. HANSEN MFG. CO., 610-134 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

MORPHIA HABIT Write today for description of the most successful home-treatment of drug habit. Free trial. Full particulars and terms. Dr. R. L. Smith, 455 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn $150.00 to $300.00 per month. Travel all over the world. We teach you to become a detective in ten weeks. Write C. T. Ludwig, 805 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

150 Gold Back Postcards FREE
SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY. ENCLOSE 10c TO COVER POSTAGE
IDEAL POST CARD CLUB, 4352 State St., Chicago

GALL STONES, LIVER and STOMACH diseases cured or money refunded. Price $1.00 per treatment, prepaid. LE GRAND CHEMICAL CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

MARVEL BAIT makes FISH BITE Marvel Automatic Hooks land them every time. Beat everybody catching fish. We offer a FREE box and Sample Hooks for helping to introduce them. Write JAPANESE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 13, Clinton, Iowa.

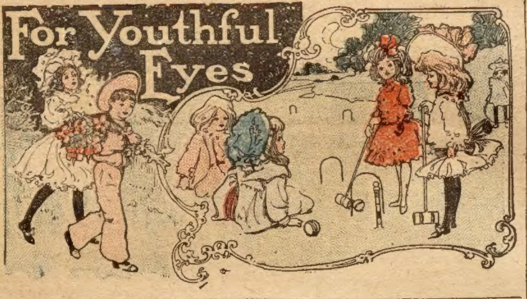
GIVEN for selling 12 sheets NEW MUSIC at 10c each. (regular price is 50c), return $1.20 when sold and we'll send these 4 beautiful gold laid Rings FREE 4 SUN CO., FREDERICK, Md.

157% Profit Agents Make Big Money New Household Necessity. FOLDING SLEEVE BOARD for ironing sleeves in shirtwaists, dresses and children's clothes. Comes ready for use. Just the thing for pressing and ironing small pieces. Agents making from $3.50 to $8 a day. Outfit free. B. THOMAS MFG. CO., 4317 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

FREE CAMERA! Boys Girls Send no money—just your name and address. We will send 15 packs fine art Post Cards. You sell them for us at 10c a pack, send us $1.50 and camera with complete outfit to take photos will be yours. VESEEN, JOHNSON & CO. 612—40 Dearborn St., Chicago

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. $3.95 20 Year Guarantee IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want LADIES,' MEN'S or BOYS' Size. Address M. C. FARBER, B99, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

For Youthful Eyes



TEENY-WEENY.

By Eugene Field.

Every evening, after tea,
Teeny-Weeny comes to me,
And, astride my willing knee,
Plies his lash, and rides away!
Though that palfrey, all too spare,
Finds his burden hard to bear,
Teeny-Weeny doesn't care;
He commands, and I obey!

First it's trot, and gallop then;
Now it's back to trot again;
Teeny-Weeny likes it when
He is riding fierce and fast
Then his dark eyes brighter grow
And his cheeks are all aglow:
"More!" he cries, and never "Whoa!"
Till the horse breaks down at last.

Oh, the strange and lovely sights
Teeny-Weeny sees of nights,
As he makes those famous flights
On that wondrous horse of his!
Oftentimes before he knows,
Wearylike his eyelids close,
And, still smiling, off he goes
Where the land of Bylow is.

There he sees the folk of fay
Hard at ring-a-rosie play,
And he hears those fairies say:
"Come, let's chase him to and fro!"
But, with a defiant shout,
Teeny puts that host to rout;
Of this tale I make no doubt,
Every night he tells it so.

So I feel a tender pride
In my boy who dares to ride
That fierce horse of his astride,
Off into those misty lands;
And as on my breast he lies,
Dreaming in that wondrous wise,
I caress his folded eyes,
Pat his little dimpled hands.

On a time he went away,
Just a little while to stay,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I was very lonely then;
Life without him was so sad,
You can fancy I was glad
And made merry when I had
Teeny-Weeny back again!

So of evenings, after tea,
When he toddles up to me
And goes tugging at my knee,
You should hear that palfrey neigh!
You should see him prance and shy,
When, with an exulting cry,
Teeny-Weeny, vaulting high,
Plies his lash, and rides away.

Riddles.

When is the best time to get a fresh egg at sea?—When the ship lays to.

Why is a thief called a jailbird?—Because he's been a robin.

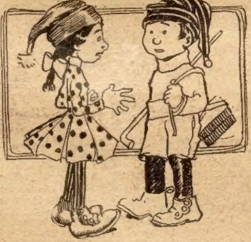
How can a leopard change his spots?—By going from one spot to another.

What are the most uncomfortable ships?—Hardships.

Why is a watch a difficult thing to steal?—Because it must be taken off its guard.

When does a farmer change the color of his horses?—When he opens the field gate and turns them in to graze (greys).

Appropriate.



Jack—My ma's got a new military coat.

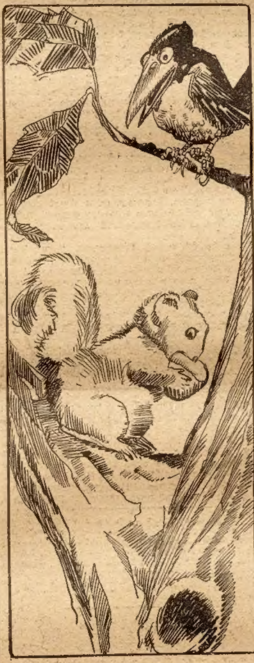
Jill—What makes you call it a military coat?

Jack—'Cause she had such a hard fight trying to persuade pa to buy it for her.

The Revolution.

Who knows why this country is not part of the British empire? Because, you will say, the early Americans objected to the British system of taxation without representation. That is what most of the histories say, but it is not quite true. In the first place, the colonists objected to taxation with or without representation, when the money was to be used for an army to keep out the Indians. The colonists were foolish enough to think that such an army was not needed. But after they had begun their war and called themselves independent, the British Government agreed to all the demands the colonists had made. There was no longer any danger of taxation without representation. The Americans were left without anything very important to fight for legally, but that did not stop their fighting.

It All Depends.



Bill Robin—Yes, this has been a fine chestnut season.

Jack Squirrel (in surprise)—You think so? Well, I don't.

Bill Robin—Yes, almost every chestnut I struck had a worm in it.

TO MY FRIEND, THE BLUEBIRD.

Gurgle sweetly,
Soft and low,
Dearest bluebird,
Breast aglow;
Hieing,
Flying,
To and fro;
Thrilling,
Trilling,
As you go.

Friendly ever
To my home,
Dearest bluebird,
Build your own;
Resting,
Nesting,
In this tree;
Flitting,
Sitting,
Nearer me.

'Tis the sweetest,
Gentlest note
Rises from thy
Little throat;
Winning,
Cheering,
And caressing;
Restful,
Peaceful,
Like a blessing.

Does It Pay?

The boy who sighs to become a champion runner, jumper or anything else in the line of athletics should be informed that not one champion out of fifty is good for anything when 40 years old. The overtaxing of the muscular system makes rheumatic cripples of them. Many of the winners of medals have died in the poorhouse. Physicians assert that the game of football is the worst amusement boys can indulge in.

We Will Sell You At Wholesale Agent's Price one AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE if we haven't an agent in your city. We want our machines introduced in every town. We also want live agents and offer the best money-making proposition on American motorcycles and American bicycles. Write us; do it now. AMERICAN MOTOR CYCLE CO., 1394 Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 736 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

CANCER and TUMORS treated by non-surgical methods. 28 years experience. Hundreds successfully treated. Descriptive book free. Weber Sanatorium, 17 W. 8th St. Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS BRING MONEY We Get Them. Free opinion as to patentability. Main Office — Washington, D.C. BOMMHARDT & CO., Dept. A, 161-163 Randolph St., Chicago

X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket novelty. Everybody wants it. Apparently see your fellow or girl through cloth or wood. 35 cts. stamps or coin. B. RANS CO., Box 5402, Philadelphia, Pa.

BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curver today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan out the batters. Price 25c with directions for throwing all curves. CURVER Co., Box 1174 Brady, Neb.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

RUPTURE CURED I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 559, Watertown, N. Y.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE IT'S EASY! POSITIONS WAITING The OLD MASTER now supplanted by the MOLER GRADUATE who is as carefully prepared as a Doctor. Good wages after few weeks. Our manual for home study Established in 1893 33 branches all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 19 Moler System of Colleges CHICAGO

Join a Brass Band Everybody Invited Here is the opportunity now for everybody who wishes to get ahead—to enjoy life and make money. We will give you inside pointers on how to join a brass band. Band catalog and particulars FREE. Write today. Just send your name and address. LYON & HEALY Wabash Ave. and Adams St. Dept. B 4155 CHICAGO

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE "Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade Mark Reg. The Pipe They Let You Smoke At Home Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Order 3 or More Today. H. MENGES The Smokers' Friend 137 Menges Building, St. Louis, Mo. 40c Three For $1.00 Sent Prepaid Anywhere Money Back If Not Satisfactory

Correct Score Biggest BASEBALL Novelty of the year, Baseball Scorer and handsome Watch Fob all in one. Scores innings and runs for both teams. Front contains beautiful picture in colors. Be the first to own one in your town. Sent prepaid for 25c. A bonanza for live agents. Write quick. HEBARD SUPPLY HOUSE 423 Honore Street, Dept. 30 Chicago

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

POULTRY PAPER FREE COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED to try coming Railway Mail, Internal Revenue and Postoffice Examinations. $60.00 to $125.00 monthly. Common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for dates of coming examinations in your neighborhood. Franklin Institute, Dept. T.31, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD COINS

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Desk 2, Le Roy, N. Y.